THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 14. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

IRISH CUCKOOS.

Some of the Clever Irish Writers Who Now Reside in London Visited by Miss Sigerson.

Mrs. Katharine Tynan-Hinkson, W. B. Yeats and Others Who Have Left Their Country to Sing in Foreign Nests.

[*For The Citizen.*]

It was on taking up Mrs. Katharine Tynan-Hinkson's last book of poems, "Cuckoo Songs," that the idea came to me, to note down those Irish cuckoos who have left their country to sing in a foreign nest; at least as many of them as I had met during a brief visit to London.

As Mrs. Hinkson's book inspired the thought, I took a train to Ealing and found her at home, ready to welcome me with a "Cead Mille Failthe," for we are friends of long standing. We discussed many topics over afternoon tea, which pleasant meal was shared with a huge St. Bernard named "Pat," who occupied a great part of the room and the conversation. I asked Mrs. Hinkson if she did not remember and miss her old home in Ireland, the low rambling house half hidden among trees, where first she won her laurels as Miss Katharine Tynan. For answer she showed me from the window, where the long narrow garden ended and the fields began and spread away into the blue distance, as completely a rural scene as if the heart of a great city was not pulsing only a few miles away. So she did not miss her old country surroundings so much, as London does not intrude upon her here. Yet one day, even in her time, perhaps, London will overflow and the mighty tide of humanity will creep and close in upon the little country house. With this possibility in view the fields are unfurrowed and unplowed, used only as meadow lands in order to be ready at any time for building purposes.

Mrs. Hinkson tells me she has hardly any time to be lonely, so quickly has she got into the swim of literary work since she came to England. Her busy pen has already produced two books since her arrival a little over a year ago —"A Cluster of Nuts," her first trial of prose tales, is a very charming and readable book, being mainly sketches of Irish characters she met in her own country; and "Cuckoo Songs," this last being her fourth book of poems. She has now in the press a novel called "The Way of a Maid." These, with numerous and continual magazine articles have kept her busy during the past twelve months.

As we chatted over our tea-cups, we had a flying visit from Richard Ashe King, whom, as he does not come under my title of "Irish Cuckoos" in London, for he does all his writing in Ireland, I will only mention briefly here. Mr. King's books are probably as well known in America as on this side of the water, most of them having run through magazines and papers there, before and after publication in book form. He is a very busy man, having the reviewing for one of the big London weekly magazines to do, as well as his own original work. The walls of his hospitable home in Blackrock, Dublin, are lined with closely-filled book shelves, and here come those many friends of his who thirst for knowledge and are sent away satisfied with a parcel of books under their arm.

On my way back to town I broke my journey at Bedford Park, for here, I remembered, dwelt Dr. Todhunter, and Mr. Yeats the artist along with his talented family. Passing to the quaint Queen Anne house in Blenheim road, I found Mr. Yeats at home. He showed me many excellent sketches and unfinished portraits in his studio, and I told him I had seen two splendid portraits of Mr. John O'Leary by him—one upon the walls of the Contemporary and the other at the National Club in Dublin. We were interrupted in our pleasant conversation by the entrance of Mr. W. B. Yeats, who is very well known as a promising young Irish writer; of him one might say his lot was cast in a happy generation for young poets. There are now no bitter criticisms to chill a budding ambition to death, or to cruelly break a young singer's heart, or drive him to a desperate end, as in the times of Keats or Chatterton. For the grasshopper of today many a kindly ant opens a hospitable door and begs the honor of his company, that he may sing throughout the winter beside her hearth. But Mr. Yeats has proved himself worthy of his bays; his fruitful pen has already given us some five or six books, some of them being collections of Celtic folklore, the rest original work. He has also produced a little play in London, which has met with some success. He is, I believe, writing another to be ready in the autumn. Indeed, he is head over ears in work, he tells me, for, in addition to the play, he has on hand a collection of weird tales of the middle ages in Ireland, which he intends to publish under the title of the "Secret Rose," and also an "Irish Anthology" both of these latter books are shortly expected to be on the book-stalls.

From Mr. Yeats' pleasant home I hurried to my friends in the city, those dear poets Mr. and Mrs. Platt, whose company and hospitality I enjoyed during much of my London visit, and whom I must not speak of here, because they are not Irish Cuckoos at all, but American swallows on flight to their own country after a twelve-year exile in the green Isle of Erin.

With them I started for an "at home" at Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton's, where one meets so many artistic and literary lions who roar as softly as a sucking dove, to a most charming hostess. Beyond the broad shoulders and fine head of Mr. William Sharp, I saw the slight figure of the author of the "Sham Squire," Mr. Fitzpatrick, who was over for the season from Dublin. By his side I recognized a bright-faced, dark-eyed little lady as Miss Eleanor D'Esterre Keeling, whose brilliant playing upon the pianoforte attracted the praise of no less a critic than Paderewski. A few days before this I had met Miss Keeling at her own home in Kensington, where I also had the pleasure of meeting her mother and sister. At one end of the long reception room a grand piano stretches half its width, and at the other end the window opens into a pretty conservatory. The room breathes the presence of the musician, and one who has an intense admiration for Paderewski. Near the door upon an easel stands a beautiful sketch in red chalk of the great pianist done by Burne Jones, and about the room are photographs of him taken in various attitudes.

To learn something of the lives and adventures of this clever family, one must read Miss Elsa Keeling's "Three Sisters," her first book, written when she was a schoolgirl. It is almost literally true, and a remarkable first book it is, though to judge Miss Keeling at her best one should read "Orchard Croft" and others of her later books. These have lost the youthfulness of her first, and perfected her most readable style.

And now to return to Mrs. Moulton's "at home," and bid good-bye to the last Irish cuckoo, though not the least, whom I met in London, the author of "A Dead Man's Diary," Mr. Coulson Kernahan. He is a man of intense sympathy, whom one meets the first time as though he were an old friend. "Well we Irish are coming on," he said after an interesting conversation upon Irish affairs and just before we parted. And indeed Ireland is beginning to wake out of her lethargy. There is the Irish Society in London and the Irish literary revival in Ireland. There is also a great effort being made to revive Irish music. This effort will, I am sure, gain the sympathy of the Irish at home and abroad. Already a committee has been formed and steps taken to hold a "Feis" or great Irish festival in the autumn of this year, at which none but Irish music will be sung, and much of it in the native tongue. The wonder is that this has not been done before, for no country can boast of sweeter or more varied airs, still there is no doubt of its success today, and one has only to glance over the list of names of those who have joined, to see with what wide enthusiasm it has been taken up in England, and in Ireland; in every class, and every creed. The foremost musicians in both countries have promised their aid, and Dr. Villiers Stanford has been made president of the committee.

At a recent meeting, with the Earl of Mayo in the chair, it was decided to hold the Feis in November, in the same building with the Arts and Crafts Exhibition. This will lend a double attraction to it, and the combination of the two entertainments will be good for both. Mr. Perceval Graves, whose collection of Irish music and songs has proved one of the most successful books yet published by the Irish literary society, is a most energetic worker from his London home. Not least among the enthusiastic members is Mr. O'Neill Russell, whose able letters in the Dublin papers most surely gave the idea birth and set it upon its feet. So that at the end of the year, and from that time forward, we may hope to hold our own with Wales and Scotland in an annual festival of native music. So the Irish cuckoos will warble, for a short time at least, their own songs in their own country.

DORA SIGERSON.

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Kellar, the celebrated, and indeed the world's greatest magician, will in response to a request so general as to practically make it a public demand, remain at the Schiller for one more week, which will positively be his last. Kellar's visit to Chicago this season, assisted by his charming and accomplished wife, is so remarkable in the public interest manifested and the great audiences which have attended his performance, that it partakes somewhat of the character of an amusement sensation. For the first time Kellar reveals and illustrates in public some of the marvelous and world-renowned feats in Hindoo magic. He also reveals the hypnotism shown in "Trilby," and with Mrs. Kellar, who is wonderfully proficient in the mysterious art, successfully accomplishes a test mind reading act, which amazes the audience.

The new comic operetta, "Prince Pro Tem," will be heard for the first time in Chicago at the Schiller Theatre Sunday evening, April 14.

Manager Prior promises a superb production of a new musical burlesque, "Little Robinson Crusoe," as a summer attraction at the Schiller, in which Eddie Foy will be the special star.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Adriatic arrived at New York on Sunday at 11 a.m.

The Brittanic arrived at Queenstown March 28, at 7:30 p.m.

Following is a list of the cabin passengers per White Star Line steamer "Adriatic" from New York April 3: W. A. Greenhalge, R. P. Bourne, W. R. Bowker, C. Prior, Thomas Key, and A. T. Heath, of Chicago.

THOMAS A. E. WEADOCK.

Something of the Home Life of the Famous Ex-Congressman.

As Lawyer, Student, and Political Leader, His Record is Clean and Shows Marked Ability.

BY M. J. MURPHY.

On the principal street, a short distance from the centre of the city, Mr. Weadock has made his home in Bay City, Michigan. A short ride on the electric car brings one to a large substantial house in the centre of a grove of forest trees, in front of which is a well-kept garden surrounded by a cypress hedge. Here it is that the terrible scourge of the A.P.A. retires from the noise and bustle of the world and seeks recreation among his children and his books.

Mr. Weadock is a student. First of all, his profession is a never-ceasing study with him, and his law library is one of the finest private collections in the state; then he turns to history, not only of America, but of the world. He is as conversant with the history of every European country as he is with that of the state in which he lives. All the standard poets and the great authors of fiction have a place on his shelves, and around the room on tables may be seen editions de luxe of great value. Shakespeare is a prime favorite in the Weadock home and not only, are fine editions of that master's works to be seen there, but works on everything relating to him, are eagerly sought after and given a position of honor in the library. Another feature of the library, will impress itself on the visitor at the first glance—the splendid collection of Irish books: works of fiction, poetry, history, collections of masterpieces of oratory and rare biography.

Thomas Addis Emmet Weadock is as thoroughly Irish as he is an American. He was born is the county of Wexford, Ireland, on the first day of January, 1850. The family is of Flemish origin, although for many generations it has been very prominent in county Wexford. The grandfather of our subject took a prominent part in the Irish Rebellion of 1798, and his mother's family is also an old one in the above county, the name Cullen being a contraction of the old Irish name "Cuchulin." The parents of Thomas came to America in 1850, and located on a farm near the town of St. Mary's, Ohio, where he passed the early years of his life. He attended the district school and also the union school at St. Mary's, although to attend the latter he had to walk three miles each way. After his father's death, which occurred in December, 1863, young Weadock had to leave school and attend the management of the farm, as he was the eldest son at home, his brother having enlisted in the Union army in 1862. During the time that he was actively engaged in farming he continued a course of home study and reading, his taste for reading being very pronounced, and he devoted all his spare time to it. His favorite studies were biographical works and history, which opened the world to the country boy, and served to make a lonesome life delightful. Young Weadock managed the farm until his brother returned from the army, in 1865, and then went to Cincinnati in search of employment. He had determined to be a farmer, but decided otherwise and entered a printing office; he soon tired of it and engaged for some months as a clerk, after which he returned to St. Mary's and attended school, for five years carrying on his own studies while teaching others. Taking the money so saved he entered the law department of Michigan University in 1871, and during his vacation read law in Detroit. He graduated as Bachelor of Laws on the 26th of March, 1873, and was admitted to the bar at Toledo, Ohio, in June of that year. He intended to practice in Ohio, but it so happened that he returned to Michigan, and finally located at Bay City, which place he reached Sept. 12, 1873, and where he has since made his home. In 1878 he was elected mayor of the city, and continued in that office till 1885, acting ex-officio chairman of the police commission, the library trustees and several other boards, and at the expiration of his term as mayor was elected a member of the school board. In 1890 the Democratic party, by a unanimous vote, nominated Mr. Weadock for congress, and notwithstanding the fact that his predecessor was a Republican he was triumphantly elected by the largest plurality ever given to a congressional candidate in the district. He was unanimously renominated in 1892, and though experiencing a bitter opposition from the A. P. A., was triumphantly re-elected.

Mr. Weadock was reared in the Roman Catholic church, and has always been more or less prominent in church affairs. He was a delegate to the Catholic congress held at Baltimore in 1889, and that held at Chicago in 1892, and is the author of the historical papers on Father Richard of Michigan (delegate from 1823 to 1825, and the only Catholic priest ever elected to Congress) and on Father Marquette, the missionary explorer. Both of these papers were read before the United States Catholic Historical Society at New York city, and attracted wide-spread though favorable criticism.

Thoroughly Irish in sentiment, Mr. Weadock has always taken an active part in Irish national affairs. During the Land League movement he was president of the local branch of the organization, was also the president of the St. Patrick's Society of Bay City, and one of the charter members and the first president of the Ancient Order of Hibernians of that city. He was also a delegate to the Irish National convention in 1881. It will be of considerable interest to many members of the A. O. H. to know that the movement on the part of that organization to establish a Gaelic Chair in the Catholic University at Washington, originated with the Rev. Thomas Rafter of Bay City and Mr. Weadock. The latter wrote to Cardinal Gibbons, and receiving a favorable reply, addressed a letter to Hon. Maurice F. Wilbere, National Delegate, to submit the matter to the National convention at Hartford, where a resolution was introduced by Hon. John McDevitt of Jackson, and thus the establishment of the chair was first brought to the attention of the organization with the result that it is now an established fact.

Mr. Weadock's record as a lawyer is a clean one, and shows marked ability. He has been engaged in many important suits, both civil and criminal, and was uniformly successful in either branch, though of late years he has given up criminal practice and devotes his entire attention to civil business. His career in congress was a brilliant one, and will be long remembered on account of his able fight for appropriations to the Indian schools and against their bitter enemies, the nefarious A. P. A. His speech on that question, made on Friday, June 8, 1894, in the house of representatives, should be read by every Catholic, as it is the ablest dissertation on the subject ever delivered in public.

Mr. Weadock is particularly happy in his home life. His six children, by his first wife, are now well grown, and he takes great interest in their studies and recreations. His eldest son, Thomas, Jr., is at present a freshman in Georgetown University, Washington, D.C., and is a lad of much promise. In local politics for many years Mr. Weadock has been a tower of strength to his party. He is a logical speaker, handling political questions with such ability and clearness that his meaning is clear to all, and his arguments convincing to the masses. As an orator, although he may not rank among the truly great ones, he is certainly an exceptional one. He is possessed of a plain, strong voice, a clear-cut enunciation and speaks right to the point. Like most of his race he has the gift of humor in a high degree, and when in a political speech or a lecture he addresses an audience, he has the power of holding it to the end, interested and delighted.

Though having the largest legal practice in Bay City, Mr. Weadock has not been satisfied with it, and has determined to move to Detroit, where he has been promised a splendid opening. This determination on his part has been heard with much regret by the people of the city where he has so long made his home, for he has many friends there with whom he is deservedly popular. His position has been gained by his own efforts, and he fully deserves the credit accorded to those who, by their own ability, energy and industry, have gained high positions of honor and trust.

IRISH-AMERICAN LYCEUM.

Next Monday evening the regular monthly meeting of the Irish-American Lyceum will be held at Columbia Hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted streets, at 8:30 o'clock. A very attractive literary programme has been drawn up, among the special features of which will be an address on "Irish Congresses" by John T. Keating, State President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians. The abilities of Mr. Keating as an expounder of the true principles of Irish Nationalism have been thoroughly verified during the years of the past. The secretary of the Lyceum has mailed a supply of admission tickets to the secretaries of every division of the A. O. H. in the city, in order that they may turn in the same at their meetings this week, to enable their members to attend at the Lyceum meeting Monday night. The members of the A.O.H. in Chicago ought to be most ardent supporters of this grand movement, for which their worthy State and County Presidents are doing so much. A debate on "Should an Irish Congress be held? If so, When and Where?" will follow Mr. Keating's address. M. J. O'Shea, of the Fireside Literary Club, will take the affirmative, and Henry G. Hill, of the Philo-Celtic Association of Chicago, the negative. Visitors will be allowed to participate in the debate if they so desire. Those who wish to attend, and have not been supplied with tickets of admission, can have the same sent them free on application to the secretary, John J. Sherlock, Nos. 1 and 2 Dix street.

The Stronghold of Health

Is carried by the assaults of malaria, but if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is employed as a bulwark against the disease, absolute safety is attained. The most virulent forms of disease bred by miasma, tainted air and water, soon yield to the creative and combative influence of this efficient safeguard, which fortifies the system as no other medicine up to date has ever done. It counteracts a tendency to rheumatism, neuralgia and kidney complaints, overcomes indigestion, nervousness, constipation and liver troubles, improves the appetite and promotes digestion. Taking for all in all, it is probably the most useful family remedy in existence, and is popular as well as effective. Use it systematically, not at irregular intervals.

THREE IRISH KNIGHTS.

All Fitzgeralds, and All Have Lost Their Grip on Titles, Except the Knight of Kerry.

So Says a Correspondent, But Patrick Fitzgerald, Knight of Glin, Will Not Agree With Him.

For a couple of months past, says the *Freeman's Journal* of Sydney, N. S. W., of recent date, a correspondence has been going on in the Melbourne dailies on a subject of considerable interest to Irishmen. Mr. Fitz Gibbon, the ex-town clerk, and now chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works, claims to be by descent White Knight. Mr. Fitz Gibbon is an Irishman and a Protestant, and invariably figures in the St. Patrick's Day celebration. Several "claimants" dispute Mr. Fitz Gibbon's right to the title, but he holds out stoutly that he is the real and only White Knight. The latest contribution to the controversy appears in the *Age*, and is as follows:

The conflicting correspondence in our daily papers from Calcutta, Bombay, Ireland, New South Wales and The Rialto regarding the Geraldine White Knights is now seriously disturbing the spirit of Sir Gerald Fitz Gerald, the first White Knight whose tomb I visited over forty ago in the old Abbey of Kilmallock, county Limerick, Ireland. And oh! wonderful to relate, I saw at midnight on Thursday, the 27th day of August, 1863, at the old Exhibition building, Queen street, Melbourne, the dreadful apparition of this same "old knight", in white and tin armor cap-a-pie, vizor open, lance couchant, plume, crest cassons, "Crom a Boo" the Geraldine war cry—(at Cohen's Mayor fancy ball). On the 1st of the present month appears a letter from Hobart, signed "Tasmanian," most of all disturbing the restful spirit of "Shen Redderie," the Old White Knight. This writer, "Tasmanian," evokes not alone the spirit of the White Knights, but "calls back" for information and curiosity my deceased namesake and kinsman, the Rev. James Graves, rector of Maine, Kilkenny (not available just now).

In love, charity and peace to all embodied and disembodied spirits, and in expectation that henceforth they may rest in peace, I write to you regarding the old original White Knight. The titles of "The White Knight," "The Black Knight," and the "Knight of Kerry" are of a very peculiar character, and though not regal honors (so to speak) have been held as prescriptive titles from mediæval times, and at various periods have been recognized by the crown. The three knights above mentioned were brothers. History tells us much about them. There were three generations of "White Knights," then the title became extinct; four generations of "Black Knights," then the title became extinct. The present Knight of Kerry is the twentieth knight, and equerry to the Duke of Connaught. The ancestors of these knights were of the illustrious, pure patrician race of the Geraldines (or Geraldini nobles of Florence). The Geraldine, known in 1049 as "Dominus Otho," passed that year into Normandy, and on the 28th of September, 1066, crossed over to England with William the Conqueror, who then built the Castle of Windsor and appointed this "Dominus Otho" his castellan, he being the greatest court favorite. After this, although a Florentine, he was considered a Norman nobleman. In 1078 his eldest son, Lord Walter Fites (son of Otho) Gerald married Gladys, the daughter of the Prince of North Wales. In 1169 his brother, Maurice Fitz Gerald, with Richard de Clare (Strongbow), Robert Fitz Stephen and Harvey Mountmaurice, landed in Ireland for its conquest. Upon landing, at three places in Wexford, they burned their ships and built castles in and near Wexford. I have been in all of them. The Geraldine castles are Faythe, Selskar and five castles of Clonmines. The Harvey de Monts castles are Tintren, Kilsine and Bargy. The Fitz Stephen castles are Tower of Carrig, Carrigmannon and Enniscourthy. Their descendants have remained there until this day. In fact, Lord Maurice Fitz Gerald (brother of the late Duke of Leinster), the lineal descendant of the first Maurice Fitz Gerald, resides at Johnstown castle, Wexford, a few miles from where his ancestor (Maurice Fitz Gerald) first landed 720 years ago; and his brother, Lord Charles Fitz Gerald, now resides near Mount Macedon, Victoria.

No romance ever written can compare with the true history of this Geraldine family from 1066 to 1537. Early in that year, King Henry the Eighth of England had Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, the head of the family, with his five uncles, executed on the 8th of February, 1536, falsely charged with treason. This Lord Thomas Fitz Gerald at the date of his execution was but 24 years old and unmarried. King Henry VIII. said that he had "at last crushed out forever the turbulent Geraldines." Man proposes, God disposes. The Geraldines were not destined so to perish, for Lord Gerald Fitz Gerald escaped to Rome (he was the eleventh Earl of Kildare), and now, 360 years after, to-day, his lineal descendant, another Gerald Fitz Gerald, is Ireland's premier noble as Duke of Leinster and Earl of Kildare. (Since dead; succeeded by an infant son.—ED). These Geraldine Fitz Geralds and Geraldine Fitz Gibbons are one family. Thus, when in 1169 they crossed to Ireland under Maurice Fitz Gerald, his son John Fitz Thomas Fitz Gerald, accompanied him and became first Lord of Desmond and Count of the Palatine (a noble invested with certain royal privileges), he had power to create knights, and did so create his three sons by his second marriage prescriptive knights. These titles were strictly limited as to succession to the heirs male of the body. He created his eldest son Sir Gerald Fitz Gerald first White Knight. This Gerald was the father of Sir David Fitz Gibbon (son of the Pale or White), the second White Knight, known as "Mac t' an Shen Redderie," son of the old knight, who was the father of Sir Gerald Fitz Gerald Fitz Gibbon, the third and last White Knight, who died without issue heir male of his body, so that the prescriptive title of White Knight absolutely became extinct at his death in 1582. He was succeeded by his brother, Maurice Fitz Gibbon, Esq., as heir to portion of the estates, the knighthood being extinct. (Of this Maurice Fitz Gibbon I shall mention hereafter). The Lord of Desmond created his second son, Sir John Fitz Gerald, Black Knight, or Knight of Glin. In this case also the succession passed away in the person of Sir John Fitz Gerald, the Black Knight, who was seized with his son Thomas by Sir Henry Sydney, and executed by royal warrant of Queen Elizabeth on Nov. 16, 1567, so that the prescriptive title of Black Knight became extinct at that date. The same Lord of Desmond created the third son, Sir Maurice Fitz Gerald, first Knight of Kerry. Of these three original Geraldine knights the sole representative now, after generations, is Sir Maurice Fitz Gerald, equerry to the Duke of Connaught, known in the British Peerage as the twentieth Knight of Kerry, alone the holder of the original prescriptive title.

Now to return to Maurice Fitz Gibbon, Esq., the brother of Sir Gerald Fitz Gerald Fitz Gibbon, the third and last White Knight. This gentleman then became the head of the Geraldine Fitz Gibbons, and from that date (1582) to the present year the line is unbroken to the now head of the family, who is Phillip John Fitz Gibbon, Esq., of Thana, Bombay, Indian civil service. This gentleman has no son, but one daughter, Marian Fitz Gibbon. The writer to the *Age* of Oct. 20 last from Calcutta is a second brother, Maurice, Costes Fitz Gibbon. It will thus, I think, be clearly seen that the last "White Knight" died in 1582, the title then becoming absolutely extinct; but it is also certain that the direct hereditary head of this family is Phillip John Fitz Gibbon, of Bombay, born on the 2nd of December, 1859, who is the eldest son of the late Maurice Fitz Gibbon, Esq., of Crohana, County Kilkenny, Ireland. The representative in Ireland now of this family is John Brenton Fitz Gibbon, Esq., of Crohana, the half-brother of the Bombay Fitz Gibbon, who is undoubtedly the head of this family, and the sole hereditary representative of the last White Knight.

In conclusion, there are three families of Fitzgibbons in Ireland—1. The Geraldine Fitzgibbons, of whom I have above written. 2. The Clare Fitzgibbons (Earl of Clare's family, title just extinct). 3. The Cork Fitzgibbons. I may say that in Ireland the Geraldines have the prescriptive right to use the capital "G" after the Fitz (the son of) to denote that they are Geraldines by traceable descent, whether Fitz Gibbons or Fitz Geralds. There is no recognized traceable blood relationship up to last generation between these three Fitzgibbon families.

The Geraldines are very remarkable in appearance for the last 700 years, judging from their portrait gallery—especially noticeable in the children of both sexes; and the present Geraldines are all alike in features, as distinct as the descendants of Abraham are today after 4000 years.

The head of his family of the Clare Fitzgibbons perished at the Balaclava charge in the person of John Charles Henry Fitzgibbon, Lieutenant 8th Hussars, known as Lord Viscount Fitzgibbon, only son of Richard Hobart Fitzgibbon, last Earl of Clare, now deceased, and this title is also extinct.

Of the Cork Fitzgibbons possibly I may write hereafter in this connection. I need only note for subsequent reference that the Right-Hon. Gerald Fitzgibbon (Lord Justice of Appeal in Ireland) married Ann, second daughter of Baron Fitzgerald, Court of Exchequer, Ireland; but in *Men of the Time* I do not find these families claim "Geraldine" blood, nor, when university students, did not annex the capital "G" to their names. Undoubtedly our first colonial secretary in Victoria was Foster Fitz Gerald (since 1853 executive councillor of Victoria). He was the lineal descendant of the "White Knight" of the second degree, whose family in Cromwell's time dropped the affix "Fitz Gibbon." I cannot trace any others.

JAMES H. GRAVES,
M. L. A. for Delatite.
(Graves, Stapleslow, Wexford).

Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props.,
Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, price 75c.

THE BRITISH LIBRARY

STATE ELECTIONS.

THE WOMEN OF THE BUCKEYE STATE GO TO THE POLLS.

Vote Freely and Elect a Number of Their Own Sex to School Boards—Michigan People Choose a Supreme Court Justice and University Regents.

DETROIT, April 2.—In the election of a justice of the supreme court and two regents of the university Michigan Republicans were again easily victorious. The vote was very light throughout the state, not to exceed half the vote of last fall being polled. The indications at a late hour are that Moore (Rep.) defeated McGrath (Dem.), the present incumbent, by 25,000. The Republican candidates for regents are elected by about similar pluralities. Reports from the city and township elections thus far show that the Republicans have held their own for the most part. The women's ticket shows no increase.

Milnes Elected to Congress.

In the Third district, where an election was held to fill a congressional vacancy, Milnes, Republican, is successful by 3,000. Smith, Republican, was elected state senator from the Tenth district, to succeed Watts, deceased. Saginaw gives the state ticket a majority of about 600, and Republicans carried the municipal election at Muskegon. At Jackson the Republicans elect mayor and Democrats recorder and treasurer. The council is Republican. Negaunee elects the entire Republican ticket, state and municipal. In this city the Republicans elected the police justice by 3,476.

Other Figures on State Officers.

ISHPEMING, Mich., April 2.—Returns from nine out of ten wards are in with results for state ticket as follows: Justice of the supreme court, James B. Moore (Rep.), 821; J. W. McGrath (Dem.), 123; Robbins B. Taylor (Pop.), 209; Myron H. Walker (Pro), 84. For regents of the university—Roger W. Butterfield (Rep.), 808; Charles H. Haskley (Rep.), 805; Stratton D. Brooks (Dem.), 138; Varnum J. Bowers (Pop.), 257; Delavan B. Reed (Pro.), 113.

ALPENA, Mich., April 5.—The Republican state ticket was elected by 375 majority. Republicans elect the entire city ticket by 200 to 300 mojority and have an easy working majority in the board of supervisors, board of aldermen, and board of education.

GRAND RAPIDS, Mich., April 2.—Charles W. Watkins, Republican nominee for mayor, opposed Senator Patton, of this city, and helped to elect Julius Cæsar Burrows, for United States senator which many Republicans opposed his election for mayor. He is defeated by Charles D. Stebbins (Dem.), by 1,200 plurality, while the rest of the Republican city ticket is elected.

Returns on Municipal Tickets.

NILES, Mich., April 2.—The Republicans elected Edward Woodcock mayor; treasurer, Brown; recorder, Cooper; two supervisors and two aldermen. The Democrats elected two supervisors and two aldermen. The council will be Republican. Berrien county goes largely Republican.

MARQUETTE, Mich., April 2.—J. H. Jacobs was elected mayor of Marquette by 450 majority. He is non-partisan. W. H. Johnston, Republican, was elected mayor of Ishpeming by 250 majority.

LANSING, Mich., April 2.—The Republicans made a clean sweep of the city with the exception of one justice of the peace. Turney (Rep. and free silver) received 904 plurality against a Republican plurality of 113 last year. Other pluralities ranged from 200 to 350.

MANISTEE, Mich., April 2.—The Democrats elected Robert R. Blacker mayor by 123 majority over Aaron V. McAlvay, Republican. They also elected city clerk, treasurer, justice, seven aldermen and four supervisors.

BUCKEYE STATE WOMEN VOTE.

And Generally Cast Their Ballots for Those of Their Own Sex.

CINCINNATI, April 2.—Although the weather was generally inclement there was much interest taken in the municipal elections, especially by the women in the suburban places and smaller cities. In proportion to their number of candidates it is estimated that more women were elected members of boards of education than men. The women did not oppose each other. They defeated men. There was no election in this city, but in the suburbs the women did well. At Akron two women were elected, and a majority of the places elected one.

Returns show the following results: Republican—Lima; 300 women voted and elected Mrs. Carey to the school board. Alliance; 911 women voted for Populist and independent women candidates—all beaten. Cadiz: 75 women voted, and two women elected to the school board. London; 488 women voted; two women elected. Warren; 900 women voted; no women elected. Cleveland; woman candidate runs behind, but is elected. Toledo; Republican candidate for mayor has but 81 majority; Republican last fall by 3,822. Sandusky; Democrats gain two members of the council. Massillon; Carl Browne defeated; three women elected; two Populists elected to the council. Chillicothe, Washington Court House, Steubenville, Springfield, Portsmouth, Akron, Zanesville (complete overturn), all went Republican. Women voted everywhere.

Democrats carried Mansfield, Hamilton, Columbus, and Bucyrus. Generally the Republicans were successful.

Elections in Other States.

HELNA, Mont., April 2.—At the city election Dr. William Steele, Democrat, was elected mayor. The vote stood—Steele (Dem.), 1,197; Lockey (Rep.), 1,009; Reed (Pop.), 740. The Republicans elected the police magistrate, city treasurer and five out of seven aldermen, the Democrats and Populists electing one alderman each.

KEOKUK, Ia., April 2.—In the city election the Republicans elected the mayor, judge of the superior court, assessor and four of the six aldermen; the Democrats the city marshal and two aldermen.

DUBUQUE, Ia., April 2. — Democrats elected P. Olinger, mayor; J. E. Knight, attorney, and three of five aldermen. Independents elect T. J. Cooney, recorder; H. B. Gniffke, treasurer, and two aldermen. Democrats will control the council.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., April 2.—Indications point to the election of Frank E. Clark (Dem.), for mayor, and the entire Democratic ticket by not less than 500 average majority. About 2,000 women voted for the school officers.

Japs Are Bombarding Tai-Wan.

HONG KONG, March 30.—The Japanese are bombarding Tai-Wan, the capital town of Formosa.

BEACON FIRES BLAZE.

All Germany Turns Out in Honor of Her Old Chancellor.

BERLIN, April 1.—The Bismarck celebration is in full swing at this writing and every day seems to add to the enthusiasm displayed by the German people over the 80th anniversary of the birth of the old chancellor. Telegrams are pouring in from all parts of the empire announcing that Bismarckian fetes have been commenced with great spirit. There was a specially interesting gather-

PRINCE BISMARCK.

ing at the national monument of Germania in the Niederwald, whither thousands traveled from all parts of the Rhineland. Among those present were representatives of thirty-six cities in the Rhenish district. Professor Aucken, of Giessen university, delivered an oration at the foot of the monument. In Munich, the Bavarian capital, a musicale in honor of the occasion was given in the Odeon.

Throughout Germany joy fires are burning on the highest mountain peaks and hills from the Baltic to the North sea and the Russian frontier on the east to the frontiers of France, Belgium and the Netherlands on the west. Never before in the history of the empire has there been such a heartfelt and spontaneous exhibition of love by the German people. Today all the schools and most of the civic and state offices are closed in honor of him to whom the empire owes its existence.

At Hamburg all the public and a majority of the private buildings in the city are decorated with flags and bunting in honor of the occasion. Last night there was a general illumination on a scale that had not been attempted before in a quarter of a century. In the window of every shop there was displayed either a wreathed portrait or bust of the great "reichskanzler." The streets were thronged with strangers, and everywhere can be seen the varied colored caps of the students, with whom there is no greater favorite than Bismarck.

The view of the city last night from the aussen alster and Binnen alster was a Beautiful one. The Tombards bridge, which spans the connection between these two bodies of water, was a chain of glowing lights. The Neuer jungfernstieg, Alsterdamm and the wide streets fronting the Binnen alster were ablaze with myriad lights, while back of them the city lay like a gigantic fire opal, red, green and other colored lights flashing in every direction. All the shipping in the harbor and the small boats on the canals of Hamburg were also illuminated.

RECEIPTS DO NOT EVEN UP.

National Deficit Likely to Reach $42,000,000 on May 1.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Contrary to the expectations of the officials the treasury receipts for the month of March will again fall below the expenditures. The amount, however, is only about $234,000. The excess of expenditures over receipts for the nine months of the present fiscal year is over $33,500,000, and this amount will almost certainly be increased by $5,000,000 or more during April, which will leave a deficit of about $42,000,000 on May 1. This may be decreased by the income tax to $25,000,000.

Will Explode a Volcano.

NEW YORK, April 2.—A morning paper publishes an interview with Dr. Parkhurst of the Society for the Prevention of Crime. Speaking of the society's probable action in other cities, Dr. Parkhurst said: "I have lately sent two men to a western city a thousand miles from here, at the request of people there. They are obtaining results that are soon going to explode a volcano." When asked if St. Louis was the city, Dr. Parkhurst said it was not, but that St. Louis needed investigators.

Trolley Car Accident.

JEANSVILLE, Pa., April 1.—The worst accident in the history of the trolley roads in this region and one that was thrilling in the extreme resulted in the death of three persons, the fatal wounding probably of two others and the severe injury of several more, and the fatality was due in part to a panic among the passengers, who crowded about the conductor and motorman of the unmanageable train.

Ice Breaking Up at Menominee.

MENOMINEE, Mich., March 30.—The wind is blowing a gale from the northeast, and the ice twenty miles north is rapidly breaking up.

THE DEATH RECORD.

STOUGHTON ALFONSO FLETCHER, prominent manufacturer and banker, at Indianapolis.

GEORGE A. WELLS, mayor and leading citizen of Fairfield, Ia.

LEVI ROBEY, well known in northern Illinois, at Freeport, Ills.

Dr. J. L. YOST, well known surgeon, at Mitchell, Ind.

Mrs. JULIA IRELAND, mother of Archbishop Ireland, at St. Paul.

JOHN W. CARY, general counsel of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road, at Chicago.

H. P. ROLFE, one of the founders of Great Falls, Mont.

Rev. HENRY BASCOM RIDGEWAY, noted Methodist divine, at Evanston, Ills.

CHARLES BOOTY, well-known railway man, at Chicago.

Dr. JAMES KENNEDY, an advanced scientist, at San Antonio, Tex.

Rev. A. B. EARLE, the noted evangelist, at Newton, Mass.

A. C. HESING, father of Postmaster Hesing, at Chicago.

EDWARD L. BEDFORD, leading lawyer of Galena, Ills.

EDWARD BRADFORD BARNES, well-known journalist, at Corning, N. Y.

LICKED UP A MILLION.

FLAMES AT MILWAUKEE SWEEP AWAY MUCH PROPERTY.

Public Library with Its 80,000 Volumes Has a Close Call, But Is Saved by Hard Work with the Two Top Floors Ruined —Lists of the Sufferers.

MILWAUKEE, March 27.—Grand avenue, where the heart of the wholesale and retail commerce of the west side throbs, was the scene early this morning of one of the most serious conflagrations in the history of the city. Some of the leading mercantile institutions of Milwaukee are in ruins; the splendid Y. M. C. A. building, one of the finest and best equipped in the country is gone; the public library, with its 90,000 volumes, some of which can could never be replaced, has had a narrow escape. The fire is the most disastrous since the Third ward conflagration of Oct. 28, 1892, and the pecuniary loss will exceed $1,000,000. It furnished a magnificent spectacle for the thousands that filled the avenue and watched it from surrounding buildings.

Principal Losses by the Blaze.

The principal losses are as follows: Plankinton estate on buildings occupied by Landaur & Co. and Tanner & Co. and public library building, $250,000; Landaur & Co., wholesale dry goods, $40,000; Tanner & Co., furniture, etc., $100,000; Reliance Storage company, $50,000; Barling & Wambold, retail clothiers, $90,000; Columbia Clothing company, $25,000; Y. M. C. A. building, $75,000; other losses, $75,000; total, $1,085,000. Before 1 o'clock the flames had crossed Fourth street and were feeding on the Y. M. C. A. building and twenty minutes later the two upper floors of the library block were a seething mass of fire.

About the time the department under Chief Foley's direction had begun its work to save the library and the three or four clothing and dry goods stores it contains the fury of the blaze had spent itself on the south side of the avenue, after having reduced the Plankinton estates' block, occupied by Landaur & Co. and Tanner & Co., to ashes. There was now danger from the surrounding property on the west side of Fourth street, near the Y. M. C. A. building, and from the firebrands scattered broadcast by the flames in the upper portion of the library block.

Library Building Was Saved.

At 2 o'clock the Morgan store had been possibly saved from all damage except the upper floor, the library block suffering damage no more than one-eighth of its total cost. The firebrands leaped across to the north side of the avenue, ruining the art store of Roebel & Reinhart, two or three little saloons and lodging houses and cheap ramshackle buildings. The public library building at the northwest corner of Grand avenue and Fourth was saved by hard work. The loss on the building is believed to be confined to the fourth and fifth floors, occupied respectively by Meyer's business college and the Germania society.

Life Saved by a Cool Head.

The Foster building at the southwest corner of Grand avenue and Fourth street, contained fourteen or fifteen suites, all of which were occupied by families. Many of the occupants owe their lives to Luke McCormick, a clerk in the postoffice. Passing the building during the fiercest of the fire in the Tanner building he ran up-stairs and aroused the unsuspecting sleepers. There was barely time to escape before the building caught fire. Many of the women were frantic with terror and in great excitement to save everything of value among their belongings.

GREENHUT ACCUSED AGAIN.

Receiver McNulta Says He Was Interested in the Morris Contract.

CHICAGO, April 2.—General McNulta, receiver of the whisky trust, has filed a lengthy petition in the United States circuit court asking that the Nelson Morris slop contract be annulled by the court. In his application General McNulta avers that President Greenhut, of the trust, is a partner with Morris in the contract, though the contract purports to have been made solely with Morris. The receiver also charges the contractors with having failed to make a just report of the profits of the business, and says that an accounting will show that they are indebted to the trust in a considerable amount. The receiver desired to have the contract declared illegal for the purpose of heading off a suit for $550,000 which Morris has instituted against the trust. The contract was made on Feb. 24, 1892, for a term of three years.

OUR UNRIVALED WEATHER.

Rain Gladdens the Hearts of Northwestern People—Snow in Colorado.

CHICAGO, April 1.—Rain began falling here yesterday morning and kept it up all day and most of the night. The same sort of weather has visited the northwest as far as South Dakota, and people are standing in it and enjoying it, so long has it been since there was a rainfall. Farmers in the northwest had plowed their lands and sowed their wheat in the dust, and this rain is a godsend. It is reported at Sioux Falls, S. D.; Des Moines, Ia.; Lacon, Ills.; Marshalltown, Ia.; Paris, Mo., and in southern Minnesota.

While this grateful sort of weather prevails in the region noted Colorado has experienced a snow storm of great severity, the fall being eighteen inches in some places and railway traffic embarrassed in every direction. Rain or snow has fallen in nearly every county in eastern and northern Nebraska.

Casualties of the China-Japan War.

WASHINGTON, April 1.—Mr. Matsui, of the Japanese legation, has received advices from which he has compiled a statement of the number killed, wounded and taken prisoners in the several battles of the China-Japan war. In some cases the killed and wounded are not given separately. The figures are as follows: Japanese killed, 553; wounded, 1,837; killed and wounded (where figures are not given separately), 359. Chinese killed, 7,643; Chinese prisoners taken, 1,459; killed and wounded (not given separately), 100. There is no record of the Chinese lost in the naval battle at Hai Yang To, nor in one of the land engagements. The number of Chinese wounded is not known.

Death of Anthony C. Hesing.

CHICAGO, April 1.—Anthony C. Hesing, former editor and publisher of the Illinois Staats Zeitung, died yesterday, aged 72. Death was due to a stroke of apoplexy. For the last few years he had been retired from active business and political life.

1895		APRIL.				1895
Su.	Mo.	Tu.	We.	Th.	Fr.	Sa.
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30				

NO TIME TO REPENT.

A Southern Railway Adopts the Best Cure for Train Robbery.

CINCINNATI, March 28.—Six men who tried to rob a fast through passenger train on the Cincinnati Southern road, near Greenwood, Ky., made a mistake which three of them did not have time to repent. Their intentions had become known to the railway officials, so when the attack was made the three armed men stowed away in the express car opened fire with guns and without unnecessary delay, and at the first volley three of the robbers fell. The three others took flight, though they are supposed to be wounded. The attempt to rob the train was made at the south end of what is known as tunnel No. 9, which is a mile north of Greenwood. The signal to stop was given, and the engineer, acting under instructions, obeyed it.

Jesse Morrow was a desperado, and the people in the neighborhood are glad he is dead. Thomas Morrow, his son, was fatally wounded, and died later. The other man wounded, and who will probably die, is named Martin. The leader of the gang is named Underwood, and is also a desperado. He got away. Martin says he is from Pennsylvania, and declares he was not with the robbers but was stealing a ride, and was trying to get out of the way when shot.

Train Robbery in Missouri.

LITTLE ROCK, March 28.—Train 54 on the Iron Mountain was held up by robbers about 10 o'clock last night, just north of Williamsville, Mo., eighteen miles north of Poplar Bluffs, Mo., by two men. It is not known what the booty the robbers got amounted to. The conductor lost his watch and money and it is supposed the passengers were also robbed.

MURDERED TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

Horrible Crime of a Mother Who Shows no Evidences of Insanity.

COLUMBUS, O., April 2.—Last Saturday Mrs. W. H. B. Williams, wife of a real estate man residing at Grove City, a village about eight miles southeast of Columbus, arrived in the city with her three children—Annie, aged 14; Maud, aged 12; and Harry, aged 7—and registered at the Park hotel. Yesterday morning Mrs. Williams left the hotel, and about 3 o'clock in the afternoon a chambermaid, who went to the room to put it in order, found two of the children, Maud and Harry, dead in bed with their throats cut.

There was a bloody razor on the foot of the bed. The boy had died without a struggle, but there were evidences that the girl had had a fierce fight with her inhuman mother. Annie said that when her mother went away she cautioned her not to go near the bed, and to say nothing to anyone about her absence. Last evening Mrs. Williams was arrested. She showed no evidences of insanity and told the story of the horrible crime in a calm voice. She said she had made up her mind last week to kill herself and her children and came to Columbus for that purpose.

Killed by a Policeman.

CINCINNATI, April 2.—In St. Bernard a local policeman, Barney Degnan, arrested John Fisher, a young man 20 years old, for personally abusive language. On the way to the station house Fisher started to run away, whereupon Degnan shot him dead.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, April 1.

Money on call nominally 2 per cent. Prime mercantile paper 4@5½ per cent. Sterling exchange firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 488¼@488½ for demand and 488¼@488½ for sixty days; posted rates 488½@489 and 490@490½; commercial bills 487¼@487¾.

Silver certificates, 68; sales $70,000; bar silver, 67¾. Mexican dollars, 52.

United States government bonds; new 4's reg. 120½; do coupons, 120½; 5's reg. 115¾; 5's coupons, 115¾; 4's reg. 111¼; 4's coupons, ex-int., 111½; 2's reg. 95 bid; Pacific 6's of '95, 109.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, April 1.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—April, opened 53¾c, closed 54½c; May, opened 54¾c closed 55½c; July, opened 56½c, closed 56½c. Corn—April, nominal, closed 45¼c; May, opened 46¼c, closed 46¾c; July, opened 46¾c, closed 46¾c. Oats—April, nominal, closed 29¾c; May, opened 29¾c, closed 30c; June, opened 29¾c, closed 29¾c. Pork—May, opened $12.30, closed $12.47½; July, opened $12.70, closed $12.60. Lard—May, opened $7.07½, closed $7.05.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 20c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; fresh packing stock, 6@7c. Eggs—Fresh stock, loss off, 11½c per dozen. Live Poultry—Chickens, 7½@8c per lb; turkeys, 7@11c; ducks, 10@11c; geese, $4.00@5.00 per dozen. Potatoes—Burbanks, fair to choice, 65@70 per bushel; Hebrons, 64@68c; Peerless, 62@65c; mixed stock, 57@62. Seed stock—Early Ohio, 80@85c, sweet Potatoes—Illinois, common to choice, $1.50@2.25 per bbl. Cranberries—Jerseys, $2.50@3.00 per box. Apples—Fair to choice, $2.50@3.75 per bbl. Honey—White clover, 1-lb sections, new stock, 13@14c; broken comb, 10@12c; dark comb, poor packages, 8c; strained California, 7@8c.

Chicago Live Stock.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day 30,000; sales ranged at $3.80@4.75 pigs, $4.50@5.00 light, $4.70@4.90 rough packing, $4.70@5.15 mixed, and $4.90@5.10 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day 12,000; quotations ranged at $5.95@6.45 choice to extra shipping steers, $5.35@5.85 good to choice ditto, $4.90@5.30 fair to good, $4.20@4.85 common to medium ditto, $4.00@4.50 butchers' steers, $2.75@3.80 stockers, $3.80@4.80 feeders, $1.75@3.80 cows, $2.25@5.00 heifers, $2.00@4.75 bulls, $3.00@5.50 Texas steers, and $3.50@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep—Estimated receipts for the day 13,000; sales ranged at $2.75@4.80 westerns, $2.50@4.30 Texas, $2.00@5.00 natives, and $3.75@6.20 lambs.

St. Louis Grain.

ST. LOUIS, April 1.

Wheat—Cash, 54¼c; April, 54¼c; May, 54½@54⅝c asked; July, 54½c asked. Corn—Cash, 42¾@42½c; April, 42½c nominal; May, 43¾@43⅝c bid; July, 44c asked. Oats—Cash 30¼c bid; April, 30¼c nominal; May, 30½c bid; June, 30½c asked; July, 30¼c bid.

STATE LAWMAKERS.

SYNOPSIS OF PROCEEDINGS IN THE LEGISLATURE.

What the Senators and Representatives Are Doing for the Benefit of Their Constituents—Bills and Resolutions Introduced—Other News of General Interest.

SPRINGFIELD, March 28.—The senate adopted a resolution that when senate adjourned Friday May 2 it stand adjourned sine die. The bill to tax gifts, legacies and inheritances was advanced to third reading. Aspinwall's pool selling bill was postponed for three weeks. A large number of bills were introduced, including one by Littler appropriating $325,000 to erect a new building for the state fair at Springfield. A resolution was adopted for adjournment from Friday until next Wednesday. In the house Jones, of Cook county, arraigned Auditor Gore for sending out a circular calling on building and loan associations to protest against the passage of the Jones bill to establish a separate department for their regulation. He offered a resolution to investigate Gore's administration of his office, but permission to read it was refused. The senate resolution to adjourn from Friday to Wednesday was adopted and the senate bill providing that county boards may divide an election precinct containing more than 350 legal voters was passed.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 29.—The senate postponed Bartley's dental bill for two weeks. The valued policy bill was sent to third reading; so was the bill for street car safeguards. The Torrens land bill was defeated, but a motion to reconsider was filed. House resolution to improve the outlet at Spring Lake to the Illinois river was concurred in. Bills passed: Fixing salaries of legislators at $850 per session, and $5 per day for special sessions; house bill limiting the time for will contests. In the house the bill appropriating $35,000 to repair the Lincoln monument passed unanimously. A number of minor bills were read a second time and advanced.

SPRINGFIELD, March 30.—In the state senate a resolution was offered for the report of a bill redistricting the state for supreme court election purposes and fixing judges' salaries at $9,000 a year; referred. Resolutions were adopted to investigate the conduct of the Industrial Home for the Blind. Another resolution was adopted to investigate the St. Louis bridge companies on charges of forming trusts and extortion. The bill to allow coal companies to combine for the purpose of paying better wages was postponed for a week. A bill was introduced to prevent betting on horse races. In the house the speaker struck from the payrolls all committee clerks and janitors not absolutely necessary. The committee that counted the ballots in the Wilson-McKinlay contest says the result favors McKinlay. Both houses adjourned to Wednesday.

ILLINOIS IGNORED.

Members of the Shiloh Battlefield Association Indignant.

MONTICELLO, Ills., April 2.—The members of the Shiloh Battlefield association feel indignant that their association has been ignored in the appointment of the secretary of the Shiloh commission, as they had asked for the position as a slight recognition for what the association has done in organizing the movement and in carrying it forward. The appointment of Cadle of Iowa as chairman and Seed of Iowa as secretary, ignores not only the association, but the state of Illinois, which had more troops in the battle than any state in the Union, yet it has no representative on the commission whatever.

The association holds the land on the battlefield under legal options until March 5, 1896, and they will undoubtedly secure the land at the prices named in the options of the land owners and proceed to improve the same as a battlefield park in accordance with the charter of the association, which has been granted by the state of Tennessee for this special purpose. A syndicate of wealthy men has offered to furnish the money for the purchase of the entire battlefield by the association.

Fees Paid to the Prairie State.

SPRINGFIELD, April 2.—The secretary of state reports to the governor the amount of fees collected for the half year ended March 31, 1895, as follows: Corporations, $23,108.73; notaries, $1,896.15; justices of the peace and police magistrates, $26.00; miscellaneous, $1,709.69; anti-trust affidavits, $3,981.05; commissions of county officers, $551.00; total, $30,272.67.

Charged with Attempted Murder.

DECATUR, Ills., March 29.—A sensation was caused here by the arrest of Frank Marsh on a warrant sworn out by Wabash Detective Applegate, charging attempted murder during the railroad strike. The charge is knocking Engineer Kater out of his cab with a stone during the strike last summer.

Arbor Day in Illinois.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., March 28.—The governor has issued a proclamation naming Friday April 19 as Arbor day and a legal holiday.

Notes of the State.

The city council of Hillsboro, Ill., passed an ordinance prohibiting screens in saloons.

Grace, 12-year-old daughter of William Stanley of Dixon, Ills., was burned to death while playing with fire in the woods.

Ben Miller, aged 17, of Ladd, Ills., pleaded guilty to larceny at Princeton and was sentenced to the reform school.

A. M. Everly, president of the trades assembly at Galesburg, Ills., is charged with a shortage of $600 while treasurer of the cigarmakers' union.

Another case of smallpox is reported at Mattoon, Ills., making six in all.

Professor T. J. Rodgers of the state normal school at Jacksonville, Ills., and Miss Eleanor Perrette were married at Jeffersonville, Ind. Both are deaf and dumb.

Henry Tegmeyer, a farmer, was instantly killed while crossing the Northwestern tracks at Mount Prospect, Ills.

Samuel Bechtelheimer has been arrested at Dixon, Ills., charged with embezzlement from a Holyoke lumber firm. The crime is three years old.

C. P. Anderson of Batavia, Ills., arose from his sick bed and committed suicide by cutting his throat.

The schooner Laura Nelson of Norfolk, Va., was wrecked at Nags Head, N. C., the crew of thirteen men being rescued.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Mar. 27.

The Galveston cup, now held by the Washington Fencibles, will be competed for at the interstate drill and encampment to be held at Memphis in May.

George P. Parsons, president of the Waukesha Water company, has been appointed receiver of the concern.

A sugar bounty bill has passed the Nebraska legislature.

John Y. McKane, the Gravesend boss, now in Sing Sing, is reported to be insane. His hallucination is that he is "to be released tomorrow."

Stillwater, Minn., children under sixteen years of age are not allowed on the streets after 9 o'clock at night.

Washington is exporting potatoes by special express trains to St. Louis and Minneapolis.

A bed of solid rock salt has been discovered on Joe Jefferson's island near Abbeyville, La., at depth of 680 feet.

The Louisville school board has granted the use of about forty public school buildings for the G. A. R. encampment next September.

Thursday, Mar. 28.

Captain Stauber, of Arkansas City, Kan., says that Jeff Davis was captured while disguised like a woman, the statement of General Harnden to the contrary notwithstanding.

Colombian rebels are reported to have been defeated at Boyaca. The government forces lost heavily, 1,500 out of 3,000 having dropped off through fatigue or disease during the march, and of the remaining 1,500 which gave battle to the rebels 700 were killed.

The Third regiment Kansas National Guard threatens to disband unless Kansas City business men subscribe sufficient funds for its maintenance by May 1.

Ex-Congressman Bland, who was obliged to postpone his proposed visit to Colorado on account of an attack of grip, has written that he will arrive in Denver April 20. He will lecture in twenty-five or more towns in Colorado.

The residence of Phoenix Christensen, a carpenter at Minot, N. D., was consumed by fire. Five children, ranging in age from 3 to 15 years, perished in the flames.

Friday, Mar. 29.

Officials of the Brooklyn trolley roads have been acquitted of violating the ten-hour law.

The reservoir of the Grand Valley Ditch company on East creek, near Newcastle, Colo., gave way and destroyed for this season all the ranches for five miles along the creek.

The body of an unknown man, supposed to be James Lykens, of Butte, Mont., was found in an abandoned well near Parsons, Kas. Indications point to suicide.

The bandits who held up the Iron mountain train near Williamsville, Mo., got nothing except the conductor's gold watch. They are believed to be farmers living in the vicinity.

The Commercial bank of Cincinnati has closed its doors. The bank has a paid-up capital stock of $328,000 and a surplus of $40,000. Its average deposits were $400,000.

The overdue bark Colusa, from Tacoma, has arrived at Shanghai after a voyage of 113 days.

John Bigelow, an actor, killed Amy Thill and himself at New York.

Saturday, Mar. 30.

Nearly $100,000,000 is invested in Canadian wood manufacturing industries, which have an annual wage list of $30,000,000 and an annual output valued at $110,000,000.

A rain is badly needed throughout southern Arizona. The ranges are dry and in some places the cattle are suffering greatly.

Real estate and manufacturing interests are uniting to found a new manufacturing town in St. Charles county, Ills., three miles south of Alton. Those interested are largely Philadelphia capitalists.

The estate of Frederick Douglass approximates $75,000 in value. The property is divided among all his heirs by the will which has just been filed.

A cable dispatch from Cairo, Egypt, announces the death there of Maturin M. Ballou, the well known editor, publisher, and writer. Mr. Ballou was born in Boston in 1820. Ballou's Monthly was the first illustrated magazine published in the United States.

All the plate glass factories in the country, with few exceptions, will close down at once and not reopen until May 1.

Monday, April 1.

Two train robbers held up the Oregon express near Wheatland, Cal., and finding nothing in the express and mail cars proceeded to rob the passengers. Sheriff Bogard was on board and killed one of the thugs, but the other killed the sheriff. A man answering his description was arrested later.

The great annual 'Varsity race on the Thames between Oxford and Cambridge was won by the former by two lengths.

It is believed that the Amalgamated association and the iron manufacturers will compromise their differences and that a strike will be averted. A reduction of 50 cents a ton for puddling is wanted by the manufacturers.

The long overdue British ship Morsseby has arrived at San Francisco, 241 days from Liverpool. She met a succession of gales and had to put into Montevideo for repairs.

Fire did $70,000 worth of damage to the building at Chicago recently occupied by The Times newspaper. The destruction was principally done on the upper floors.

Excelled by None

Mr. C. F. King

"For some years I have been a severe sufferer from Rheumatism. So much so that I could not attend to my business, and was confined to the house for weeks at a time. I was advised to try Hood's Sarsaparilla and have constantly improved since I commenced to take the medicine. I am now well and strong again. Hood's Sarsaparilla is truly 'excelled by none.'" C. F. KING, Verona, N. J. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Be sure to get HOOD'S **Cures**

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25c.

FROM THE RANKS.

BY CAPT. CHARLES KING.

BY THE J. B. LIPPINCOTT CO.

CHAPTER XI.

Nature never vouchsafed to wearied man a lovelier day of rest than the still Sunday on which Frank Armitage rode slowly back from the station. The soft, mellow tone of the church bell, tolling the summons for morning service, floated out from the brown tower and was echoed back from the rocky cliff glistening in the August sunshine on the northern bluff. Groups of villagers hung about the steps of the little sanctuary and gazed with mild curiosity at the arriving parties from the cottages and the hotel. The big red omnibus came up with a load of worshipers, and farther away, down the vista of the road, Armitage could see others on foot and in carriages, all wending their way to church. He was in no mood to meet them. The story that he had been out pursuing a tramp during the night was pretty thoroughly circulated by this time, he felt assured, and every one would connect his early ride to the station, in some way, with the adventure that the grooms, hostlers, cooks and kitchen maids had all been dilating upon ever since daybreak. He dreaded to meet the curious glances of the women and the questions of the few men whom he had taken so far into his confidence as to ask about the mysterious person who came over in the stage with them.

He reined up his horse, and then, seeing a little pathway leading into the thick wood to his right, he turned in thither and followed it some 50 yards among bordering treasures of coreopsis and goldenrod and wild luxuriance of vine and foliage. Dismounting in the shade, he threw the reins over his arm and let his horse crop the juicy grasses, while he seated himself on a little stump and fell to thinking again. He could hear the reverent voices of one or two visitors strolling about among the peaceful, flower decked graves behind the little church and only a short stone's throw away through the shrubbery. He could hear the low solemn voluntary of the organ and presently the glad outburst of young voices in the opening hymn, but he knew that belated ones would still be coming to church, and he would not come forth from his covert until all were out of the way. Then, too, he was glad of a little longer time to think. He did not want to tell the colonel the result of his morning investigations.

To begin with, the watchman, the driver and the two men whom he had questioned were all of an opinion as to the character of the stranger—"he was a military man." The passengers described his voice as that of a man of education and social position; the driver and passengers declared his walk and carriage to be that of a soldier. He was taller, they said, than the tall, stalwart Saxon captain, but by no means so heavily built. As to age, they could not tell. His beard was black and curly—no gray hairs. His movements were quick and elastic, but his eyes were hidden by those colored glasses, and his forehead by the slouch of that broad brimmed felt hat.

At the station, while awaiting the answer to his dispatch, Armitage had questioned the agent as to whether any man of that description had arrived by the night train from the north. He had seen none, he said, but there was Larsen over at the postoffice store, who came down on that train. Perhaps he could tell. Oddly enough, Mr. Larsen recalled just such a party—tall, slim, dark, dark bearded, with blue glasses and dark hat and clothes—but he was bound for Lakeville, the station beyond, and he remained in the car when he (Larsen) got off. Larsen remembered the man well, because he sat in the rear corner of the smoker and had nothing to say to anybody, but kept reading a newspaper, and the way he came to take note of him was that while standing with two friends at that end of the car they happened to be right around the man. The Saturday evening train from the city is always crowded with people from the river towns who have been up to market or the matinees, and even the smoker was filled with standing men until they got some 30 miles down. Larsen wanted to light a fresh cigar and offered one to each of his friends. Then it was found they had no matches, and one of them, who had been drinking a little and felt jovial, turned to the dark stranger and asked him for a light, and the man, without speaking, handed out a little silver matchbox. It was just then that the conductor came along, and Larsen saw his ticket. It was a "round trip" to Lakeville. He was evidently going there for a visit, and therefore, said Larsen, he didn't get off at Sablon station, which was six miles above.

But Armitage knew better. It was evident that he had quietly slipped out on the platform of the car after the regular passengers had got out of the way and let himself off into the darkness on the side opposite the station. Thence he had an open, unimpeded walk of a few hundred yards until he reached the common, and then, when overtaken by the hotel omnibus, he could jump aboard and ride. There was only one road, only one way over to the hotel, and he could not miss it. There was no doubt now that, whoever he was, the night visitor had come down on the evening train from the city, and his return ticket would indicate that he meant to go back the way he came. It was half past 10 when that train arrived. It was nearly midnight when the man appeared at the cottage window. It was after 2 when Armitage gave up the search and went to bed. It was possible for the man to have walked to Lakeville, six miles south, and reached the station there in abundant time to take the up train which passed Sablon, without stopping, a little before daybreak. If he took that train, and if he was Jerrold, he would have been in the city before 7 and could have been at Fort Sibley before or by 8 o'clock. But Chester's dispatch showed clearly that at 8:30—the hour for signing the company morning report—Mr. Jerrold was not at his post. Was he still in the neighborhood and waiting for the noon train? If so, could he be confronted on the cars and accused of his crime? He looked at his watch. It was nearly 11, and he must push on to the hotel before that hour, report to the colonel, then hasten back to the station. He sprang to his feet and was just about to mount when a vision of white and scarlet came suddenly into view. There, within 20 feet of him, making her dainty way through the shrubbery from the direction of the church, sunshine and shadow alternately flitting across her lovely face and form, Alice Renwick stepped forth into the pathway, and shading her eyes with her hand gazed along the leafy lane toward the road, as though expectant of another's coming. Then, attracted by the beauty of the goldenrod, she bent and busied herself with gathering in the yellow sprays. Armitage, with one foot in the stirrup, stood stock still, half in surprise, half stunned by a sudden and painful thought. Could it be that she was there in hopes of meeting—any one?

He retook his foot from the stirrup, and relaxing the rein still stood gazing at her over his horse's back. That placid quadruped, whose years had been spent in these pleasant byways and were too many to warrant an exhibition of coltish surprise, promptly lowered his head and resumed his occupation of grass nibbling, making a little crunching noise which Miss Renwick might have heard, but apparently did not. She was singing very softly to herself:

"Daisy, tell my fortune, pray.
He loves me not—he loves me."

And still Armitage stood and gazed, while she, absorbed in her pleasant task, still pulled and plucked at the goldenrod. In all his life no "vision of fair women" had been to him so fair and sacred and exquisite as this. Down to the tip of her arched and slender foot, peeping from beneath the broidered hem of her snowy skirt, she stood the lady born and bred, and his eyes looked on and worshiped her — worshiped, yet questioned, Why came she here? Absorbed, he released his hold on the rein, and Dobbin, nothing loath, reached with his long, lean neck for farther herbage and stepped in among the trees. Still stood his negligent master, fascinated in his study of the lovely, graceful girl. Again she raised her head and looked northward along the winding, shaded wood path. A few yards away were other great clusters of the wild flowers she loved, more sun kissed goldenrod, and, with a little murmur of delight, gathering her dainty skirts in one hand, she flitted up the pathway like an unconscious humming bird garnering the sweets from every blossom. A little farther on the pathway bent among the trees, and she would be hidden from his sight, but still he stood and studied her every movement, drank in the soft, cooing melody of her voice as she sang, and then there came a sweet, solemn strain from the brown, sunlit walls just visible through the trees, and reverent voices and the resonant chords of the organ thrilled through the listening woods the glorious anthem of the church militant.

At the first notes she lifted up her queenly head and stood, listening and appreciative. Then he saw her rounded throat swelling like a bird's, and the rich, full tones of her voice rang out through the welcoming sunshine, and the fluttering wrens, and red breasted robins, and rival song queens, the brown winged thrushes—even the impudent shrieking jays—seemed to hush and listen. Dobbin, fairly astonished, lifted up his hollow eyed head and looked amazedly at the white songstress whose scarlet sash and neck ribbons gleamed in such vivid contrast to the foliage about her. A wondering little "cotton tail" rabbit, shy and wild as a hawk, came darting through the bushes into the sunshiny patchwork on the path, and then, uptilted and with quivering ears and nostrils and wide staring eyes, stood paralyzed with helpless amaze, ignoring the tall man in gray as did the singer herself. Richer, rounder, fuller grew the melody as, abandoning herself to the impulse of the sacred hour, she joined with all her girlish heart in the words of praise and thanksgiving—in the glad and triumphant chorus of the Te Deum. From beginning to end she sang, now ringing and exultant, now soft and plaintive, following the solemn words of the ritual—sweet and low and suppliant in the petition, "We therefore pray thee help thy servants whom thou hast redeemed with thy precious blood," confident and exulting in the declaration, "Thou art the king of glory, O Christ!" and then rich with fearless trust and faith in the thrilling climax, "Let me never be confounded." Armitage listened as one in a trance. From the depth of her heart the girl had joined her glorious voice to the chorus of praise and adoration, and now that all was stilled once more her head had fallen forward on her bosom; her hands, laden with goldenrod, were joined together. It seemed as though she were lost in prayer.

And this was the girl, this the pure, God worshiping, God fearing woman, who for one black instant he had dared to fancy had come here expectant of a meeting with the man whose aim had been frustrated but the night before! He could have thrown himself at her feet and implored her pardon. He did step forth, and then, hat in hand, baring his proud Saxon head as his forefathers

Armitage listened as one in a trance.

would have uncovered to their monarch, he waited until she lifted up her eyes and saw him and knew by the look in his frank face that he had stood by, a mute listener to her unstudied devotions. A lovely flush rose to her very temples, and her eyes drooped their pallid lids until the long lashes swept the crimson of her cheeks.

"Have you been here, captain? I never saw you," was her fluttering question.

"I rode in here on my way back from the station, not caring to meet all the good people going to church. I felt like an outcast."

"I, too, am a recreant today. It is the first time I have missed service in a long while. Mamma felt too unstrung to come, and I had given up the idea, but both she and Aunt Grace urged me. I was too late for the omnibus and walked up, and then I would not go in because service was begun, and I wanted to be home again before noon. I cannot bear to be late at church or to leave it until everything is over, but I can't be away from mother so long today. Shall we walk that way now?"

"In a minute. I must find my horse. He is in here somewhere. Tell me how the colonel is feeling and Mrs. Maynard."

"Both very nervous and worried, though I see nothing extraordinary in the adventure. We read of poor hungry tramps everywhere, and they rarely do harm."

"I wonder a little at your venturing here in the wood paths after what occurred last night."

"Why, Captain Armitage, no one would harm me here, so close to the church. Indeed I never thought of such a thing until you mentioned it. Did you discover anything about the man?"

"Nothing definite, but I must be at the station again to meet the up train and have to see the colonel meantime. Let me find Dobbin, or whatever they call this venerable relic I'm riding, and then I'll escort you home."

But Dobbin had strayed deeper into the wood. It was some minutes before the captain could find and catch him. The rich melody of sacred music was again thrilling through the perfumed woods, the glad sunshine was pouring its warmth and blessing over all the earth, glinting on bluff and brake and palisaded cliff, the birds were all singing their rivaling psaltery, and nature seemed pouring forth its homage to the Creator and Preserver of all on this his holy day, when Frank Armitage once more reached the bowered lane where, fairest, sweetest sight of all, his lady stood waiting him. She turned to him as she heard the hoof beat on the turf and smiled.

"Can we wait and hear that hymn through?"

"Aye, sing it."

She looked suddenly in his face. Something in the very tone in which he spoke startled her—something deeper, more fervent, than she had ever heard before—and the expression in the steady, deep blue eyes was another revelation. Alice Renwick had a woman's intuition, and yet she had not known this man a day. The color again mounted to her temples, and her eyes fell after one quick glance.

"I heard you joining in the Te Deum," he urged. "Sing once more. I love it. There, they are just beginning again. Do you know the words?"

She nodded, then raised her head, and her glad young voice caroled through the listening woods:

"Holy, holy, holy! All
Heaven's triumphant choir shall sing,
When the ransomed nations fall
At the footstool of their King.
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Hearts and voices, swell one hymn
Around the throne with full accord,
Holy, holy, holy Lord!"

There was silence when the music ceased. She had turned her face toward the church, and as the melody died away in one prolonged, triumphant chord she still stood in reverent attitude, as though listening for the words of benediction. He, too, was silent, but his eyes were fixed on her. He was 35, she not 20. He had lived his soldier life wifeless; but, like other soldiers, his heart had had its rubs and aches in the days gone by. Years before he had thought life a black void when the girl he fancied while yet he wore the academic gray calmly told him she preferred another. Nor had the intervening years been devoid of their occasional yearnings for a mate of his own in the isolation of the frontier, of the monotony of garrison life, but flitting fancies had left no trace upon his strong heart. The love of his life only dawned upon him at this late day when he looked into her glorious eyes, and his whole soul went out in passionate worship of the fair girl whose presence made that sunlit lane a heaven. Were he to live a thousand years, no scene on earth could rival in his eyes the love haunted woodland pathway wherein, like forest queen, she stood, the sunshine and leafy shadows dancing over her graceful form, the goldenrod enhancing her dark and glowing beauty, the sacred influences of the day throwing their mystic charm about her as though angels guarded and shielded her from harm. His life had reached its climax. His fate was sealed. His heart and soul were centered in one sweet girl, and all in one brief hour in the woodland lane at Sablon.

She could not fail to see the deep emotion in his eyes as at last she turned to break the silence.

"Shall we go?" she said simply.

"It is time, but I wish we could remain."

"You do not go to church very often at Sibley, do you?"

"I have not heretofore, but you would teach me to worship." "You have taught me," he muttered below his breath as he extended a hand to assist her down the sloping bank toward the avenue. She looked up quickly once more, pleased, yet shy, and shifted her great bunch of goldenrod so that she could lay her hand in his and lean upon its steady strength down the incline, and so, hand in hand, with old Dobbin ambling placidly behind, they passed out from the shaded pathway to the glow and radiance of the sunlit road.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Maker of Glass Eyes.

Visitors to the World's fair will remember the quaint little workman who sat in one corner of a great building and made eyes from morning until night, part of them for dolls, part of them for human beings and occasionally one for a horse or some other pet animal. The workman, whose name was Muller, had come over from Germany to show how his people worked, and when the fair was over he set up a little shop in Chicago and tried for awhile to make his industry flourish on American soil. But after a time he found that the wholesale dealers persisted in sending across the water for their supplies, and he grew so homesick that he finally returned to the fatherland, and he is now doubtless working in some one of the quaint little Thuringian villages.

It will be remembered that he was marvelously deft in his work. First he blew a bulb from molten glass. Then, when it was cold, he carefully broke off one side so as to leave a shell, the edges of which were blunted by melting. He secured the proper size of eye by having the person for whom it was made stand before him as he worked. Having the shell complete, he bent down over a Bunsen burner, and just touching its upper surface to the flame he worked the eye design on the glass with little sticks of varicolored glass, the points of which were melted in the flame.

The work required a wonderfully steady hand and a true eye in order to make the iris and the retina of the proper color and shape. The workman is so skilled that he can copy direct from the person who stands before him. —Chicago Record.

Why She Was Out.

She came in answer to my advertisement for a "waiting maid." She was towheaded, pimpled and freckled. When I questioned her as to her ability to fill the above named position, she answered with modestly dropped eyes and promiscuously dropped "h's. When I inquired why she had left her former situation, she told me the following story: "The loidy where I lived larst 'ad a 'ansome little poodle dawg nymed Scipio. She nymed 'im harfter a hansunt Rummun—I suppose because 'e was such a little rum un isself. Scipio, 'e was troubled with somethink of a hirritatin natur', an the missus harsked me to herradicate it. So I saturated Scipio with turpentine an shut 'im in a room with a good 'ot fire, so he wouldn't ketch cold. Scipio, 'e was a werry hintelligent hanimal, 'e was, an feelin cold an damp 'e poked the fire a bit with his toyl. W'en I went hinto the room a' 'arf 'our later, there wasn't a 'air or 'ide or heven a grease spot left o' 'im, an thot's why I'm looking for another sitooation, mem."—London Truth.

The Biggest Goose.

I heard the other day an amusing tale of a certain well known English nobleman who had imported two emus with the hope of breeding from them, and on leaving his estate for town left also strict injunctions that the greatest care should be taken of the lady emu if she produced the desired egg or eggs. The egg arrived in due course; but, as artists have found before now, the lady declined to "sit." The steward, however, was an ingenious man and thought of a substitute, but his powers of composition were by no means on a par with his inventiveness, and he announced the interesting event to his master in the following terms:

"The emu has laid an egg, but we were in a great difficulty, as she would not sit on it. I did what I thought was best, and in your lordship's absence I have placed the egg under the biggest goose on the estate."—Pall Mall Gazette.

Sedentary Occupations.

A writer in La Medicine Modern asserts that sedentary occupations predispose to tuberculosis more than any others. Italian and English statistics show, he says, that there are 459 deaths per 1,000 from this disease among students, seminarians and young clergymen, while farmers, boatmen and mountaineers enjoy almost complete immunity from it.

JOHN BROWN'S FARM.

Kate Field's Desire to Prove That There Is Poetic Justice In the Nineteenth Century.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind. The time had come to carry out the dream of my girlhood, when, through Mr. Isaac H. Bailey, I appealed to the present owners of John Brown's farm to help me save it from auction. Owing to the generous response of one woman and 18 men, the farm of 240 acres was bought, a good tenant secured, and when I visited the Adirondacks in 1892 our property had trebled in value. The house was in good repair, and John Brown's grave was the Mecca of tourists.

The subscribers to the John Brown fund were Mrs. R. C. Watterson, Boston, and Messrs. Isaac H. Bailey, John E. Williams, William H. Lee, George A. Robbins, George Cabot Ward, Henry Clews, D. Randolph Martin, Le Grand B. Cannon, Charles S. Smith, S. B. Chittenden, Isaac Sherman, Jackson S. Schultz, Elliott C. Cowdin, Thomas Murphy, Charles C. Judson, Salem H. Wales, Sinclair Tousey and H. B. Claflin, all of New York city.

Of our 20 subscribers nine have already joined John Brown in his march of eternity. The last to go was Jackson S. Schultz, with whom I had serious talks about the disposition of the farm a few months before his death. Sinclair Tousey, long our faithful secretary, wrote letters of warning when he felt the angel of death approaching. Both friends realized the necessity of putting this historic farm in such condition legally as to fulfill the original intention. Being the first subscriber, I had a defined idea of what I wanted. My desire was that the farm should be held as sacred ground, to prove that even in the nineteenth century there is poetic justice. I wanted it to be the center of a great state park. Nature made the Adirondacks the sanitarium of New York no less than the storehouse of its waters.

With more faith than ever in the ultimate destiny of the north woods, I am more anxious than ever that John Brown's farm should be given to the state, to be held forever as a park for the people, every care being taken to preserve the house intact. I know that Mr. Schultz, Mr. Tousey, Mr. Chittenden and Mr. Cowdin would advocate immediate action could they speak from beyond the tomb. Mrs. Watterson has assigned to me her interest in the property. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Charles Stewart Smith, our secretary, Mr. Salem H. Wales and Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon cordially indorse the proposition of state ownership, the last named subscriber suggesting that a tablet be placed near the grave of John Brown to bear the names of the purchasers of the farm and the donors to the state of New York.

Mr. Henry Clews, who as trustee holds the deed of the estate, is ready to do our bidding. I therefore ask my colleagues or their representatives to give him the authority needed to accomplish the purpose for which John Brown's farm was saved from auction.—Kate Field.

THINK WE ARE TRICKY.

British Provincial Newspapers Say the Yankee Hates to Pay What He Owes.

Some British provincial newspapers have been commenting, with considerable asperity, upon what they regard as American sharp practice over the Paris Bering award. All are possessed with the idea that the British lion has been fooled and think it is time he began growling. The Newcastle Journal, a Tory newspaper not without influence, the other day made these sage remarks:

"It goes against the Yankee grain either to hand over money illegally obtained or money due by contract or the award of arbitrators. What with being kept out of our Alabama surplus money, paying for the costly Bering sea inquiry and still waiting for compensation for the seizure of British sealing vessels, this country may well regard American arbitration as a kind of 'Heads I win, tails you lose' game, at which we should in future refuse to play without some guarantee against being deceived by a rigmarole of phrases and legal verbiage into fresh losses and damages in addition to those which first led to the controversies in relation to the Bering sea fisheries and the Canadian fisheries long ago."

An After Election Correspondence.

"The shortest correspondence on record," said Congressman Covert of New York yesterday, "passed between Amos Cummings and me a few months ago. Shortly after the November election, when Amos was defeated for congress, he was appointed subway commissioner of New York at a salary of $5,000 a year. When I heard of it, I sent Amos this letter:

"'Dear Amos'— Then I drew a picture of a human hand and wrote in red letters across the palm the word 'Shake!' 'Yours, Covert.'

"Two days later I received a reply. It read thus:

"'Dear Jim'— Underneath was a human hand stretched in the opposite direction from that drawn in my letter and bearing on the palm the word 'Thanks.' In the corner of the page was an excellent delineation of a champagne glass half filled with wine, and under it the words 'With pleasure. Yours, Amos.'

"But I always believed that Amos' reply was not genuine. You ask me why? Because I never saw him with a hair filled glass. It was either brimming over or empty."—Washington Times.

Lent.

Strange to tell, the familiar term of Lent has nothing in its origin significant of fasting. It is derived from the Saxon term—lengthen, tide or spring—the time when each successive day steals a few minutes from its night. In English literature we have repeated allusions to Jack o' Lent, a sort of puppet, generally personated as a lean and ragged scarecrow, which boys jeered and threw stones at, much as the Guy Fawkes of later days was treated.—Philadelphia Ledger.

AMERICAN CAMELS.

Increasing Despite the Fact That They Are Butchered and Sold as Beef.

M. F. Campbell, who has been for some time at the famous Gunsight mine, near the line of southern Arizona, says the camels of the desert are increasing very rapidly, and that there are now between 300 and 400 of them. This is surprising, he says, considering the large number that have been killed and palmed off for beef in the past few years and the inroads made upon the bands by passing showmen. Mr. Campbell gave some interesting details of these tawny denizens of the waste places, introduced so many years ago by Ben Butterworth, and now grown wild.

"These hulking animals," he said, "roam mainly between the Gila and Colorado rivers, in a stretch of the low Eagle Tail mountains and the desert adjoining. There is very fine bunch grass in that region, and the camels keep in good condition. I have several times seen as many as eight or ten in a band, and most of them are very large.

"Different persons have been there from time to time catching them for the circuses. That is the source of supply now for all the shows. The hunters go out in bands of half a dozen on mules, as horses would be of no account. The camels, cumbersome as they look, run very fast, and only mules are enduring enough in that tough country to wear them out. The hunters stretch out, surround a band, and out of ten or a dozen manage to cut out and stay by a couple, wearing them out and catching them finally with lassos. The camels are very wild at first, but speedily tame down, and the showmen can do anything they please with them.

"I was for nearly two years there mining, and myself and men were furnished with camel meat right along and thought it very good. We paid 25 cents a pound for a good deal of it, and we thought it as good beef as we had usually eaten. The old prospectors, who had turned to peddling meat, never said a word to us, but took their pay regularly to go away and come back again. At the last we found out it was nothing but the camel's meat which they were furnishing us. Then we began to draw the line.

"If the meat sellers and circus people would let the camels alone for awhile, they would increase much faster. The animals are interesting to see on the desert and do no harm."—San Francisco Examiner.

HAS TWO HEARTS.

A Physician's Report on the Most Remarkable Case of William King.

William King, the negro who has two hearts and is able to control the pulsations of either at will, and who occasionally excites the medical associations of the Atlantic coast by making an exhibition of himself, has been examined by Dr. C. A. Jackson of Pittsburg, who reports as follows:

"The man has two distinct hearts, connected only by the larger blood vessels and a very elastic pericardium. He has the peculiar power of moving either of these two hearts independently and can hold one up under the ribs while the other is let down into the groin, where it can be felt pulsating even more plainly than when in its natural position. He can stop one or both from beating for a period of one minute and probably longer, but he has been told that to extend the time beyond that limit would probably endanger his life. The stoppage of either heart silences the pulse beats on the corresponding side, but does not affect the other. If both are stopped at once, no pulse beat can be detected in any part of the body.

"The left heart is the larger of the two, being about the size of a cocoanut, which is very large for a man of King's size. The right one is no larger than a good sized goose egg.

"When one heart is down in the flank and the other in normal position, they are separated by a distance of about 14 inches. As they lie ordinarily in the chest they are only about two or three inches apart.

"The most remarkable thing about King's case is the fact that each heart appears to be complete in all its details and furnished with sufficient blood for use on its own side of the body.

"In some species of lower animals there are two distinct hearts, but in them the right side sends blood to the lungs, while the left does the work for the general circulation of the whole body."

Buried Alive.

President George T. Angell of the American Humane society has sent the following to the legislature of every state: "It is well known to the American press that many persons—and how many no one can tell—have been buried alive. The father of the undersigned came very near being buried alive, being declared by his physician dead, and all preparations made for his funeral before he could give visible signs of life. The object of this petition, which I hope you will cause to be properly presented, is to call public attention throughout our entire country to this important subject, and I take pleasure in sending a marked copy of it to the editors of every American newspaper and magazine north of Mexico, asking their assistance."

The Bishop's Laboratory Beer.

The laboratory that supplies Bishop Fallows' home brewed nonalcoholic beer is working overtime in order to keep up with the demand. The drink, as described by a connoisseur, tastes like old fashioned "yarb tea," and appears to be a preparation of roots, herbs, barks and gums, such as the grandmothers of the present generation used to give to "clean out the system" after an attack of boils, carbuncles or spring fever. There is a general feeling that Bishop Fallows would not spring any unwholesome or unrighteous beverage on a trusting community, and the Home saloon is doing a tremendous business.—Chicago Tribune.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY.

CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription	$2.50
Six Months	1.25
Single Copies	05
Clubs of five, or more, by mail, yearly each	2.00

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature, should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, APRIL 6, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.

Randolph-st., between Clark and Lasalle-sts.—"Charley's Aunt."

SCHILLER THEATRE.

Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Keller.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.

Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Fatal Card."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—The Bostonians.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.

West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Della Fox Comic Opera Co.

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—Lewis Morrison in "Faust."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

"IRISH PARTY" QUARRELS.

The Dublin *Independent* is angry because John Morley, who is fast becoming an adept at political flattery, has termed the McCarthyite faction of the Irish party "Orthodox Nationalists." Perhaps the *Independent* considers Mr. Redmond's small following entitled to that designation, but, as far as we have been able to see, the latter do not go much farther in Irish national sentiment than their more numerous rivals. They, of course, advocate an independent parliamentary policy, such as that pursued by Parnell, but, up to date, they have not been able to make themselves felt to any particular degree. Both factions united, and independent in policy, might be able to change the fate of a ministry, but, beyond that, they can do nothing. They sail a helmless boat and are forever in the trough of the sea, with angry English partisan waves breaking over them. The sooner they all get swamped the better for the cause of Irish independonce. Since the days of the Brass Band, there has been no more depressing spectacle than the Irish majority in the British parliament. Here is some of what the *Independent* has to say about Morley and the McCarthyites:

"They take it as a compliment that their English masters are pleased with them. 'Orthodox Nationalists' alias Irish renegades; Ireland knows well the tribe. They flourished in the days of Keogh and Sadleir, being then styled Patriots, defenders of the Faith, and so forth. They are to be found in every epoch of the country's woful history, under varying names and different conditions, but always essentially the same. In the days of Elizabeth they were 'The Queen's O'Reilly,' 'The Queen's O'Neill,' or whatever else might be the patronymic of the traitor to Ireland. Fifteen years ago they were Mr. Gladstone's 'Nominal Home Rulers'; today they are Mr. Morley's 'Orthodox Nationalists.' Are our countrymen so dull of intellect that they cannot understand what it means—this term applied by an English cabinet minister who is actually the English ruler of Ireland—to the men who claim to represent Irish nationality in the British parliament? Let them think of it, reflect upon the phrase, and then if they are so sluggish of blood and cold of heart as not to resent the betrayal of the national cause that the words convey, let them cease for all time talking of nationality. It would be more decent.

"History repeats itself in Ireland with monotonous certainty. It was to the fighting party led by Parnell in the parliament of 1880-85 that the term 'Irish National Party' was first applied by, we think, Lord Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, who was at the time a Liberal cabinet minister. Then, as now, the Irish popular representation was divided into two sections—that led by Parnell in independent opposition and that led by Mr. W. H. Shaw in close alliance with the Liberal government. To these latter, his own supporters, Mr. Gladstone applied the term 'Nominal Home Rulers.' The prime minister spoke, if we remember rightly, at Leeds, and it was for replying in scathing terms to that speech that Parnell was arrested a few days later. We recall this ancient history, that our readers may see for themselves that the 'Orthodox Nationalists' are the heirs and successors of the 'Nominal Home Rulers.' So many years have elapsed, and Parnell has been done to death by the men whom he made, and the grateful country that he rescued from destruction—that is all, but it is much.

Well, the Redmondites, small as is their number, have more men than Parnell and Biggar had when they made themselves and Obstruction famous. Why don't they go to work and make a vigorous mark in parliamentary history? Although the rules of the house of commons have been changed since the days of Parnell and Biggar, some chance should still remain to make the Redmondites heard from to more effect than at present.

SWIFT'S GREAT VICTORY

Hon. George B. Swift has won a great victory. A plurality of 41,000 and odd hundreds is not to be had every day in the year in a city even the size of Chicago, which, in point of population actually residing within its urban limits, is the greatest city on this continent. Some people may say it was not the candidate but the cause that had most to do with it. The cause was something, no doubt, but no candidate was more thoroughly identified with the cause he battled for than Mr. Swift. The public recognized in him a man thoroughly capable of fulfilling the duties of the office he sought—an honest man, an energetic and capable man, who had done his full duty in every office he had filled. As alderman and as commissioner of public works, during the regime of Mayor Roche, Mr. Swift had given practical proofs of his capacity to govern.

His record in the latter office is unrivalled by that of any predecessor or any successor. In the desperate campaign which succeeded the assassination of Carter Harrison, and while acting as mayor during the interregnum, he displayed the ability, moral courage and tact of a born leader. Thousands upon thousands of the citizens of Chicago, of all parties, felt that he had won the laurels which, however, were not then awarded to him, and, in the eternal fitness and justice of things, they were determined to make reparation for the wrong done him. Hence the amazing plurality which has emphasized his victory in this latest struggle.

Of course, there was much to handicap the Democratic party in the fight. The thorough economic and financial incapacity of the existing administration; the evil effects of reducing the tariff the Republicans had erected as a barrier against underpaid foreign competition; the passage of the disgusting income tax bill—a nasty reminder of European methods; the hard times and general depression—all these had something to do with the overwhelming Republican victory, but, even were these things lacking, George B. Swift, by reason of the services he has rendered and the wrongs he has endured, would still have been the victor.

The Democratic ticket was buried deep, without a single exception; but the candidates paid the penalty of party misdeeds, not of personal unfitness. Mr. Wenter, Mr. Cooke and the rest suffered for their party, not for themselves, and, because they stood in the breach, which they knew to be imminent and deadly, and paid the forfeit, they are not the less entitled to respect; and we do not believe their future will suffer because, having done their party duty gallantly, they "fell just outside the entrenchments."

ANTON CASPAR HESING.

The death of Anton C. Hesing, which occurred suddenly on last Sunday morning, removes from the stage of life one of the strongest personalities that Germany has contributed to America. Mr. Hesing had many shortcomings, and was not particularly noted for political magnanimity, but, personally, he was a most amiable and interesting character, beloved by his home circle and regarded with a large degree of affection by all with whom he came in social contact. In politics, he was, in the days of his prime, a tremendous local power, and made or unmade parties at his will. During the days of the Civil War, he was devotedly loyal to the Union and to liberty, and did much, in conjunction with the late Herman Raster, to place American national bonds on a good footing in the German money market. His paper advocated the Union cause with vigor, and brilliancy, and did much toward the enrolment of German-American troops in the Federal armies. In fact, Mr. Hesing's moral courage and fine fidelity in those trying days ought to be enough, now that he is no more, to atone for any later political sins or omissions that may be charged against him. All men, even the very best, have their weaknesses. That is their human side, but no country can afford to forget its benefactors simply because they may have, on occasions, committed error.

Mr. Hesing was a native of North Germany, and came to America early in life, settling first in Cincinnati, but his vigorous nature soon impelled him toward Chicago, in which he made his home for nearly fifty years, closely identifying himself with every interest, social, commercial and political, of his chosen city. He soon became a great force in politics, and led the German-Americans to several victories, as he was a splendid captain, bold as a lion and quite unscrupulous enough to fight fire with fire. The old line Democrats came to hate him politically as if he were the devil incarnate, while the Republicans looked upon him as a formidable ally and a doughty champion. Notwithstanding his strategic leadership, he occasionally met with stinging defeat from his own party, and this he never forgave. In 1873, he formed the celebrated alliance with Colvin and O'Hara, Democrats, and swept the Republican ticket, Bond for mayor and Gage for treasurer, completely out of existence, for that period. While he remained simply a leader, he was almost invincible, but when he became a candidate for office himself, all the enmity he had aroused by former struggles and successes, gathered like a storm and burst savagely upon him. He was People's candidate for county treasurer, in 1875, but Michael Keeley, whom Mr. Hesing had greatly offended, ran as an Independent candidate, and the Republicans elected their treasurer. This defeat practically ended Mr. Hesing's political career, for, soon afterward came the whisky ring troubles, in which he was more or less implicated, and, after they had blown over, he retired from public life, except for a brief interval, when his son, Washington Hesing, was a candidate for public honors.

One of the most interesting traits of Mr. Hesing's character was the intense affection he felt for his only son, and the relations between these two were always of the most confidential and loving nature—more like that of two thoroughly united brothers than of father and son. The blow falls with terrible force on Mr. Washington Hesing, who will ever sadly miss his genial sire, counsellor and friend. He has the respectful sympathy of the entire community, without regard to party, race or creed.

Mr. Hesing, senior, was in robust health up to his 70th birthday, which was celebrated about two years ago by many old citizens. Last summer he had a stroke of partial paralysis, while staying at his Wiiconsin farm, and, since then, he had been gradually failing up to the date of his sudden death. He died in the Catholic faith, in which he was born, and the funeral services were held, with great impressiveness, in the Cathedral of the Holy Name, last Wednesday morning. Most of the well known citizens of Chicago were in attendance, and general regret was expressed for the sudden departure from earth of the vehement, kindly and picturesque old leader, whose name and fame will forever have a conspicuous place in the eventful history of Chicago.

THE CUBAN SITUATION.

The situation in Cuba is evidently more serious than Spain was at first willing to acknowledge. The insurrection in Cuba is not the only danger to be feared. At home there are complications likely to arise which may be quite as dangerous as those abroad. The Spanish people are getting thoroughly dissatisfied with the management of the home government; they have been ground down under heavy taxation to support the royalty of the country, with all its accessories as well as a costly set of government officers. Now we learn that the Spanish senate was told that five million pesetas have already been spent in fighting these Cubans, and that more is necessary in order to successfully carry on the war. A number of steamers are fitting out, and now the army bill increases the peace establishment to 82,000 men. These tremendous burdens only add to the discontent of the people, without offering any remedy for the national ills and the result is that a volcano is smouldering under the feet of Spain which is liable to be heard from at any moment.

Spain, in the meantime, is thoroughly alarmed at the situation in the West Indies. It is stated upon reliable information that there are over 7,000 insurgents, well armed, in the field. They are all desperate men and the recent declaration of the Spanish commander-in-chief that those who were not killed in the field would be shot, will not make them less desperate. They will all fight to the death and will try to balance accounts in advance. Their strength is not underestimated as the announcement that Spain will land 10,000 fresh troops on the island by the middle of this month, evinces. In the meantime the insurgents have the hearty sympathy of all lovers of liberty who will welcome an independent flag or, what is better still, the Stars and Stripes over the government building in Havana.

A PURITAN DEFENDS CATHOLIC AMERICANS.

The Hon. E. Moody Boynton, of Boston, Massachusetts, who is a long descended native American and Puritan, has written to the Boston *Herald*, of April 1, one of the best vindications ever printed of American Catholics in their relations to American institutions. Mr. Boynton's sincerity cannot be doubted by any reader of his fine document, and the A.P.A. society cannot have the excuse of saying that race or religious rancor inspired its utterance. Following is the full text of Mr. Boynton's important and interesting letter:

"TO THE EDITOR OF "THE HERALD": Fifty A. P. A. meetings in one night, launching the secret, oath-bound, political order, establishing a newspaper appealing for public support, suggests to me, an outsider, a few inquiries. First, what has the G. A. R. or the American flag to do with a secret, oathbound political society, pledged to oppose the influence of and deny political office to our Roman Catholic citizens?

"I note the display of the portrait of Washington at the Columbus avenue meeting. Did not his farewell address denounce such secret political societies, even for a good object, but is the overthrow of constitutionally guaranteed political rights in the making of religions a test to political office? a suitable foundation in this age for a political party? I notice the attempt to hide behind the G.A.R. and the American flag.

"Has the G.A.R. become a political party, or indorsed the A.P.A.? Are not a hundred thousand of its heroes devout Catholics, paying equal honor to a hundred thousand who shed their blood under Grant, Sherman and Sheridan? What regiments were braver than the Irish Catholics? Did the Catholic faith in which Sheridan died prevent his devotion? Did the recognition of the Confederacy by the Pope cause these heroes to throw down their arms?

"'We only oppose allegiance to the Pope,' say the A.P.A. Who gives political allegiance to the Pope? Does Catholic Italy, voting 4 to 1 against the temporal power? Does Catholic France, prohibiting clerical teaching in her public schools? Have any of the Roman Catholic powers, when fighting each other, been subject to his will for a century?

"Does the Pope teach the overthrow of the French republic? Has he not discouraged monarchists by his earnest support of suffrage and the republic? What pontiff was ever so liberal as the present, once an American missionary, now pointing the countless millions of the Catholic world to the humble Christ and exalting the rights of labor; restoring Father McGlynn despite the ban of bishop and cardinal; sending Satolli to redress a hundred cases of mediœval discipline, and informing the followers of old ecclesiastical precedent that the world moves to the morning. But 'Catholics are not Americans,' I hear you say. The Indians are—their wrongs need redressing. Without Roman Catholics, our declaration of independence would have been in vain.

"There were about 2,000,000 of American freemen, patriots fighting the 18,000,000 of England. Did 26,000,000 Frenchmen do nothing for us? America, without a powder mill or arms factory, money, clothing and the thousand necessities, what chance for the feeble colonies, except for the $100,000,000 France expended in her behalf, without fee or reward, offering her arms, her ships, her colonies against the haughty sovereign of the seas, the modern vikings who have made England's name a terror?

"Oh, but Catholics are illiberal, clannish, ruling our great cities. The corrupt police of New York were in equal proportion, Protestant Republican and Catholic Democrat. Ex-Mayor Grace and 50,000 Catholics united for reform. Bring religion into politics and you drive them together, and inflame the great sores of our congested city governments.

"Victoria is the head of the Episcopal church. Is that church un-American and to be politically debarred? There were not twelve Episcopal churches here at the date of the revolution, while Catholic Maryland was a unit in founding the republic.

"My Puritan ancestors joined in persecuting Catholics, Quakers and Baptists. When Catholic Maryland's colony enacted absolute toleration of religion and equal rights in their government, Protestant England denied us our chartered rights. When from twice 10,000 log cabin homes, our soldiers had conquered the Canadas from France, and given three-fourths of the continent to England with our money and our blood, she declared we had no right to coin or issue money for any purpose. By her courts and privy council repudiated the millions of colonial money, bankrupting the people and forcing the revolution; denying our chartered rights as Englishmen, taxing us in our misery, without our consent when we had already paid manifold our proportion of the cost of war.

"She enthroned the mediæval rights of the Catholic church in Canada, which if not under Protestant England, would have been abolished by Catholic France. She enforces the collection of Catholic tithes with English bayonets in America, and has held in chains the millions of Ireland as she would have held us, except for France.

"'But the Catholic bishops are plotting against liberty,' say the A.P.A. Are they less liberal in England than the Episcopal house of lords in their treatment of Ireland?

"'They have no right in America,' you answer. The man who writes that is an Orangeman, lately lauded. You cannot bring religious strife as the basis of a political party under our flag, whose crimson folds are dyed with the blood of heroes representing every sect, whose constitutional laws punish any attempt to par political rights by sectarian disability.

"When Catholic Charles Carroll of Maryland, the richest American citizen, was told if he signed the Declaration of Independence, he would not only lose his life, but Carrolton and all his property would be forfeited, he wrote 'of Carrolton' after his name, so England might make no mistake, and take all his property as well as his life, if unsuccessful. His brother, the only Catholic bishop in America, tendered his services to the Continental congress, perilled his life amid the storms of winter in the Canadas with Franklin, to bring the Catholic French to unite with the Puritan guns that had subdued them and exiled the Acadians. Shame on such ignorance of the founders of America! It is time to teach patriotism and history in our public schools and liberality in our Protestant sectarian parochial schools as well.

"The fifty meetings of the A.P.A. were addressed and run by Protestant ministers who had been educated in parochial schools of their own sects. Such schools they ask that the law prohibit. I agree if you make it equal. There should be no sectarianism in our public schools. One flag should float above them. Are you going to abolish private rights in the education of our children?

"Were the Catholics in power, would you concede to them the education of your children? Especially, if they held your faith and its prelates to be infamous? Independence, you demand. Equal rights, equal burdens, equal opportunities, ought to be your platform, in the open light of day, instead of sneaking in the darkness of the night to secret political assassination. No wonder you want the false veil of pretended G.A.R. support which the G.A.R. solemn oaths prohibit.

"Who threatens the American flag and the equal rights it guarantees, unless you do? That flag is alike for lowly and strong, touching earth, it sweeps the stars. Shame on the midnight assassin clutching its folds to cover the denial of equal political rights to the heroic Christian brethren of the Catholic church, who equally made it possible, and on every battlefield brightened its crimson folds with their blood.

"Should the present complication with England result in war, who would spring to its defense sooner than our Catholic citizens, who are prohibited secret political meetings by their church? In the dearth of distinctive political questions, politicians do not seek to found a new party on religious animosity. The spirit of the age, law and justice forbid it."

THE British government has released two of the political prisoners confined in English jails. Thanks to John Redmond and Miss Maud Gonne.

SPAIN has not yet apologized. Great is Gresham—ahem!

JUST at the hour of going to press, we are pained by the announcement that Miss Nellie T. Enright, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Enright, No. 713 Jackson boulevard, died at the residence of her parents on the 4th inst.

THE indiscreet young Japanese who shot the Chinese envoy, Li Hung Chang, in revenge for the murder of his brother in Pekin, at the beginning of the difficulties between the two countries, has been sentenced to life imprisonment at hard labor. The sentence is none too severe when it is remembered that the envoy went to Yokohama as the honored guest of the Japanese people, and that the honor of the nation was staked on his safety while he remained with them.

SPAIN has fired on the British flag, and John J. Bull says she must apologize. You bet she will. John isn't Gresham.

THE British minister of foreign affairs has given Mr. Bayard to understand, that England will not permit the United States to interfere between her government and that of Venezuela. Shade of Secretary Blaine!

KING STEPHEN is quite stirred up over the Democratic defeat in Chicago. He had better retire to Gray Gables or else go a fishing.

GROVER says to Gresham "Let us have peace." And we have it.

OSCAR WILDE is having a wild time of it in London in his suit against the Marquis of Queensberry for libel. Oscar claims that he only sins "as a poet." As a man, he is, of course, immaculate. A male poet, who writes about "the red, ripe lips" of a fellow man is a disgusting wooer of the muses. It is enough to give "the tuneful nine" mal de mer.

OBITUARY.

MR. DAVID M'CARTHY.

A very large number of the people of Chicago were shocked last Sunday to learn of the death of that popular citizen, Mr. David McCarthy, last surviving son of the venerable Owen McCarthy, at the family residence on South Sangamon street. At the time of his death, Mr. McCarthy occupied the position of treasurer of the Keeley Brewing Company, which he had held for many years. He had been in bad health for a long time, but very few of even his immediate friends anticipated so early a termination of a valuable life. Few young men in Chicago had more personal friends than David McCarthy, who, in appearance, manner and sentiment, was every inch, and every act, a man. He was the last of a family of stalwart brothers who, one by one, passed away from the home circle, leaving the venerable and widowed father desolate, indeed. The survivors of this respected household, besides Mr. Owen McCarthy, are Mrs. Peter J. Hennessy and Miss Julia McCarthy. Deceased was uncle of Messrs. Thomas F. and Eugene M. Keeley, respectively president and secretary of the Keeley Brewing Company. The funeral occurred on Wednesday morning, from the family residence, No. 192 South Sangamon street, to St. Patrick's church, where high mass of requiem was offered up by the Rev. Father T. F. Galligan and his assistant priests. The pastor preached an interesting and touching funeral discourse in which the Christian and manly virtues of the lamented deceased were eloquently dwelt upon. The funeral cortege, which was of the largest, then escorted the remains to Calvary cemetery where they were laid to rest in the McCarthy family lot. Requiescat in pace.

EDWARD FENELON COOKE.

Mr. Edward Fenelon Cooke, at one time a prominent Irish-American merchant and litterateur of this city, died at his Warren avenue residence on Tuesday, after a prolonged illness. He was a native of the city of Cork, and received an excellent education in the university of that city. Among his youthful intimates may be mentioned Denny Lane, M. J. Barry and Justin McCarthy. Mr. Cooke was a man well versed in the dead and polite languages, and possessed a fluency that bordered on rare eloquence. His health failed him several years ago, and latterly, his mental condition was unequal. Occasionally, however, the diamond spark of intellect would show itself in conversation with his immediate friends, and he would speak hopefully of the prospects of the Irish cause, as he was always an enthusiastic Irish Nationalist. He was also an ardent communicant of the Catholic faith, and died fortified by the rites of the church of his fathers. He leaves a widow and grown up family.

MISS MAUD GONNE IN MANCHESTER.

A public meeting was held under the auspices of the Manchester and Salford Amnesty Association, in Co-operative hall, Downing street, Ardwick, a few days ago. The chair was occupied by Mr. J. P. Byrne. After a few remarks from the chairman, a resolution was proposed by Mr. Samuel Martin, seconded by Mr. P. J. Kelly, calling for the release of the Irish political prisoners, as only the outcome of the passing of home rule through the commons, and declaring to vote for no parliamentary candidate who will not support amnesty. Miss Maud Gonne, who was enthusiastically welcomed, supported the resolution, and said that the present government came into power by the votes of the Irish party. When the Liberals were seeking office they promised in return for the Irish support, to pass home rule, reinstate the evicted tenants and release the political prisoners. How have they kept their promises? The Irish party have performed their part of the agreement, but the government have not kept theirs. It is true that the Home Rule bill was passed through the commons, but the government accepted the defeat with equanamity, aye, very resignedly. After describing the evictions on the De Freyne estate, Miss Gonne said: "The promises about the evicted tenants are forgotten now," and declared, from what she had seen, that Morley was just as bad as Balfour. "Another promise of the Liberals was amnesty. Have they fulfilled that? The lords are not to blame for the non-fulfillment of that promise. They think, perhaps, that the Irish people will drop amnesty. I do not believe it, and let Mr. Asquith do what he will, please God, I will not lay down the cause till every one of the poor men be released. We know how Irishmen in the past have kept their promises from the time of the treaty of Limerick; then England broke her word and passed the penal laws instead. The French have lately amnestied many of those who had transgressed their laws. The first act of the present Czar of Russia was to amnesty thousands of prisoners. Is mighty England the only country in Europe who will not grant an amnesty? Is there to be no amnesty for the Irishman? Even Siberian prisoners have advantages different from the awful solitude of the bleak walls of an English dungeon."

Miss Gonne then described the scenes at Portland when she visited the poor men. "Five of them are mad," she said, "and one is blind. Asquith may deny that, but I would sooner believe Egan, McKevitt, Cunningham, Callaghan or Father Matthews than the Home Secretary. Portland's walls may be grim and gloomy, but they can't keep their secrets, and England will yet ring with the cruel treatment meted out to those poor but brave Irishmen. Remember, those countrymen of ours were fighting the battle of our holy mother Ireland; they are still suffering for her, and we, children of Ireland, would be worse than cowards if we did not fight on till the prison doors be opened. The people of Ireland are taking up the question in earnest; the Irish in this country, in Scotland and in Wales are stirring themselves, and we must tell the government that there can be no treaty of peace till every one of those wounded soldiers be restored to freedom." Miss Gonne was warmly applauded during the course of her eloquent address, and was enthusiastically accorded a hearty vote of thanks on the motion of Messrs. R. F. Whittle, seconded by J. Delahunty, and after a similar compliment had been passed to the chairman for presiding the meeting closed.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The usual weekly meeting of the Philo-Celtic Association took place at Room 35, City Hall, last Sunday. Notwithstanding the inclement weather there was a good attendance. The students continue to make very satisfactory progess. A new grammar class is about to be formed for those who have passed the elementary stages. A junior class will soon be formed also, which will give an opportunity to beginners to join at a time when they can pursue the study to best advantage. The committee having charge of the Gaelic entertainment have almost completed arrangements for the event. The entertainment promises to be a rare treat to all lovers of genuine Irish music and song. The Philo-Celtic Association meets every Sunday at Room 35, City Hall, at 2:30 p. m. All persons desirous of acquiring a knowledge of the Irish language are invited to become members. There is no charge for tuition or hall rent; the only expense is a small fee for membership.

Real Faith never grows weak by having to wait. Sufferers taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for chronic complaints should be patient and the result will be satisfactory. Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly and efficiently, on the liver and bowels. 25c.

Money for Everyone!

I can't understand why people complain of hard times, when any woman or man can make from $5 to $10 a day easily. All have heard of the wonderful success of the Climax Dish Washer; yet we are apt to think we can't make money selling it; but anyone can make money, because every family wants one. I made $478.36 in the last three months, after paying all expenses and attended to my regular business besides. You don't have to canvass; as soon as people know you have it for sale they send for a Dish Washer. Address the Climax Mfg. Co., Columbus, Ohio, for particulars. Go to work at once, and you will very soon have a full pocket-book and a light heart. I think it a duty to inform each other of such opportunities, and I also think it a duty to improve them while we may. Try it at once, and publish your experience so others may be benefited.

THE MEN AND MOVEMENT OF '48

The Venerable Chief Organizer of the Fenian Movement Indulges in Interesting Reminiscences.

Causes of the Failure of the Attempted Insurrection.

BY JAMES STEPHENS.

[*Donahoe's Magazine.*]

During my boyhood's days I used to read books on mechanics and engineering feats, and when I reached my 21st year, I became an engineering student under Dargan, who attained fame and fortune in his profession. I was on the point of taking out my diploma as an engineer, when the news of a contemplated revolt reached me from Dublin. I had been a member of the Young Ireland Society of Kilkenny before I joined the pupils of Dargan; and in order to explain the causes which led to the rebellion of 1848, in which I took part, I am compelled to refer to the origin and history of Young Ireland, which was exclusively the pioneer of the movement for the separation of Ireland from England.

During a summer day in 1842, Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas Davis, and John Blake Dillon, then citizens of Dublin, and followers of Daniel O'Connell in his agitation for Repeal of the Union, while sitting on a bench in Phœnix Park, resolved to start a weekly literary and thoroughly patriotic journal in the Irish capital. It was to be called the *Nation*. Duffy and Dillon were to furnish material, and Davis was to supply the brains, as editor of the projected sheet. Early in the fall of 1842, in the first week of October, the *Nation's* first number appeared. Never before in Ireland were editorials so ably and logically written. Its stirring and patriotic lyrics, Davis' and Duffy's masterly ballads, eloquent in style of diction, and resonant as the sounds of a trumpet, caused thousands of Irish hearts to throb more tenderly with love for their native land, and aroused the spirit of patriotism in their bosoms. Thomas Davis, who had the personal magnetism of leaders of men, gathered around him in the *Nation* office a band of bright young litterateurs whom his genius inspired with fervor in the prose and poetry departments of that journal. Under the influence of that inspiration Denis Florence McCarthy (translator in his after life of the poems of Calderon), D'Arcy McGee, Dalton Williams, O'Hagan, and others became the patriotic lyrists of the *Nation*, and wrote poems which, though simple in style, were pearls of thought, and so imbued with the spirit of liberty that they aroused the emotional Celt to a passionate desire to battle for his native land.

Davis's death, in 1845, was a cruel blow to the *Nation*, and to the Young Ireland movement; but Duffy took possession of his dead friend's chair, and his editorials and ringing Irish ballads sustained the literary reputation which Davis had won for that journal. Charles Gavan Duffy was aided in his labors by James Clarence Mangan, one of the most talented of the Irish poets of that most enthusiastic period, while the band of other bards, whom Davis had organized, remained true and loyal to the destiny and mission of the *Nation*.

Some time after Davis' death, dissensions arose in the repeal party. O'Connell was growing old and feeble. His former vigor had completely disappeared, and his son, John O'Connell, was really the leader of the repealers. He was jealous of the reputation and the popularity of the leading Young Irelanders, who were more radical in their professions of nationality than the O'Connellites. Eventually the Young Ireland chiefs, John Mitchel, Charles Gavan Duffy, Smith O'Brien, Dillon, and Thomas Francis Meagher, seceded from the Repeal Association, and started the Irish Confederation. Their secession was caused by Daniel O'Connell's declaration that "Liberty was not worth the shedding of one drop of human blood!"—a theory which Meagher, in his memorable "Sword speech" refuted, when he said: "How did the colonies of America win their liberty from England? By the sword. How did the Greeks and Belgians gain their independence? By the sword." He was heartily applauded by his political associates in the audience.

The Irish Confederation, or, as they were called in various country districts of the country, Young Ireland clubs, were established by the thousand all over the land, and their members supported Meagher's doctrines. In the first week of July, 1848, warrants were issued by the viceroy's chief secretary for the arrest of Meagher, Smith O'Brien, John B. Dillon, Richard O'Gorman, Devin Reilly, John O'Mahony, and others. When I heard that several of these Young Irelanders had left Dublin for Tipperary county, where they raised the Green Flag in revolt against the English yoke, I decided to join them. At that time the hot, enthusiastic blood of youth coursed like fire through my veins, and I entered the struggle determined either upon liberty or death!

I went at once to Rathgormack, where I met Doheny in a farmer's house. We proceeded to Killenaule to join Smith O'Brien and his followers. It was on that occasion I was nominated by the chief as his aide-de-camp. As we received news that there was a company of English dragoons in the immediate vicinity, Smith O'Brien decided on raising a barricade against their march in a street in Killenaule. The barricade consisted of empty cars and lumber. The moment the soldiers entered the street, another barricade was erected to the rear by our comrades. The captain in command had evidently no wish to fight us. As he approached the barricade, he was surrounded by a goodly number of peasants, armed with scythes, pitchforks, and pikes. I raised my rifle, and was about to fire on the mounted cavalry officer; but John Blake Dillon, grasping my rifle, dissuaded me from carrying out my intention. If I had killed that officer, it would have been the first shot fired in the Irish Revolution of 1848—though I might have been slain in the conflict afterwards. I believed that as we were at open warfare with the English garrison we were justified in killing their soldiers wherever we found them.

The officer having pledged his word of honor that he would not enter into a combat with our forces, we removed the barricade, and allowed them to pass on. It was with extreme reluctance I joined in this task. I preferred to have the campaign against the English soldiers inaugurated then and there, when an opportunity presented itself for striking the first blow for Irish liberty. I expressed these ideas to Smith O'Brien, but he replied to the effect that it would be unwise to commence the campaign too soon, as we had not a sufficient number of men. Smith O'Brien was a man of overscrupulous honor. As a commander of the rebel forces, he was too chivalrous to be practical and effective in his operations; he preferred to see himself and his followers suffer severe privations rather than have them billeted in the homes of the landlords of Tipperary county. Nevertheless, he was as brave as Bayard, and stood his ground till the last hope vanished. Defeat was as bitter as gall to his proud Celtic spirit; and when disaster overtook our struggle, his only consolation lay in the possibility of a stray English bullet taking him off. With this object he courted death, rather than be captured by the English soldiers. But death would have none of him just then.

We marched from Killenaule to Carrick, where O'Brien addressed the people as follows: "You, the people, should be with us, and die with us, if necessary. We are here to demand the redemption of that pledge in the name of your enslaved country. The hour has come when the truth and loyalty of our followers is to be tested, and first among her children the trust of her honor is committed to you." Among the men of Carrick was the Rev. Father O'Byrne, who cheered Mr. O'Brien's remarks with the spirit of a true-born patriot, and he encouraged his flock to follow the advice given to them by their leaders. Still the people remained undecided. I went among them, trying to persuade them to fight for their motherland at a time when thousands of their fellow-countrymen, with their women and children, were starving, and no food was to be had; while the golden corn of their farms was transported to England, to be sold by Irish absentee landlords, in lieu of their (the farmers') rents. "Will you permit English government officials to mow your cornfields," I said, "and thus lose your flour that is the bread, the staff of your very existence?"

They still remained silent, and we left them with feelings of supreme disgust at what we then considered their cowardice.

[I must here interpolate a final word on this subject. The Irish people were never cowards. That this has been my constant, unwavering faith, I can give no better proof of than the fact of my having risked everything once more in the Fenian movement. But in 1848, the people being almost, not to say altogether, unarmed, it is not to their discredit—nor at all surprising—that they did not rush on certain destruction, and that, too, for leaders but little known to them.]

We immediately scoured the country at the base of the Slievenamon mountains, and the slate quarries that extended into Kilkenny county. The inhabitants of these districts were evidently preparing for the fight. The smiths were busy making pikes, while their wives, mothers and sisters were sharpening these implements of warfare on stones. The carpenters were turning ash and elm wood into pike handles. A contingent of several hundred men joined our little army here, and we were led to Ballyneale, where Smith O'Brien instructed one of his followers to proceed to the chapel of the hamlet and ring the bell, in order to gather together the inhabitants of the surrounding townlands. While the sweet notes of the bell were pealing through the balmy atmosphere, fragrant with the odors of flower gardens, 7,500 young men, most of whom were stalwart peasants, armed with pikes and a few rifles, answering the summons of Smith O'Brien, appeared on the scene amid our plaudits; while shortly afterward a deputation of the inhabitants of Carrick approached the chief and assured him that the people in and around the town were prepared to join his forces. They carried out their promise, and 500 men of that town arrived in Ballyneale next day. The pastor of the latter village, Father Morrissy, sought to dissuade the people from joining the rebellion, but he appeared to have no influence. Yet, curiously enough, they did not obey the call of Smith O'Brien, nor listen favorably to my appeals to their patriotism.

We left them with the same disgust that we had previously experienced at Carrick, and proceeded to Carrick-on-Suir, where we found 3,000 men camping on the fields, awaiting our arrival. Owing to the influence of the local Catholic clergymen, however, half of these left the camp that night and returned to their farmsteads. We then marched to Ballingarry, where we encountered a band of police under the command of Inspector Trant. That officer, fearing that the small number of his forces could not cope with the Irish rebels on the open field, entered, at the head of his followers, the house of the Widow MacCormack, and barricaded the windows with that lady's featherbeds. Our forces surrounded the house. Smith O'Brien asked Trant to surrender; but he declined, whereupon the more radical element in our ranks smashed the windows with paving-stones, which struck senseless several of the policemen. Immediately Trant ordered his men to fire on us, and two of our band were killed. I was among the wounded. The members of the constabulary aimed their rifles at Smith O'Brien. Bullets whizzed over his head and to the left and right of him; but he stood calm and immovable as a statue. Aided by a few comrades, I persuaded him to escape. I used my rifle in the fight, and was among the last to leave the scene of battle, if it could be dignified by such a name. The Ballingarryites, sad to admit, were dispersed by the bullets of the policemen's rifles. Assisted off the field by two of my comrades, we were driven in a car to Urlingford, in which town I put up in a friend's house, and had my wound dressed by a local surgeon.

Thus collapsed the attempted revolt, owing to the influence of the clergy, and to the apathy of the people themselves. As for myself, when I recovered from my wound, I rejoined Doheny, who, with Meagher and several of the other chiefs of the Irish confederation, had been battling for liberty at the base of the Slievenamon mountains. I met him at Rathcormack, a village situated amid the fastnesses of those craggy heights. We heard from a peasant that Dublin Castle had issued a proclamation announcing that a reward of £1,000 ($5,000) would be given for the heads of Doheny and myself, but none of the peasants whose hospitality we enjoyed sought to betray us. Doheny and I bade farewell to our host, who assured us that, poor though he was in the world's goods, he would never ruin his good name by accepting blood money. We ascended the mountains, where we were offered hospitality by a farmer. My wound, owing to our journey over the rocky and dangerous pathway of the cliffs, gave me some trouble; but the genial and buxom wife of mine host gave me an oatmeal plaster to bandage my leg, and nursed me in an attack of fever brought on by the excitement of the previous weeks.

The next three weeks we spent in the Commeragh mountains. One night we entered the farmstead of a Mr. Murphy; and scarcely had we got inside the house when a wild storm burst over these lonely hills, and foaming torrents of rain flowed down their flanks with an appalling velocity. Doheny writes as follows of this tornado in his "Felon's Track": "Had it surprised us where we could find no shelter, the ravens of Cuimshinans would have rioted and revelled on our flesh." On the day after we left Murphy's house, where, by the by, we were treated with the most cordial hospitality, it was almost impossible for us to climb the mountains, broken, as they were, by steep crags, and deep ravines, covered with furze and briers. Looking from the crags to the valleys, several thousand feet below, we were often overcome by dizziness during our descent on the edge of precipices. About 3 p. m. we reached the monastery of Mount Mellary, and were received with courtesy by a friar standing at the door; but we did not take advantage of his proffered hospitality, in order not to compromise these innocent ecclesiastics with the English government; though in truth we needed rest and shelter, as we had walked some thirty miles over the mountains and through ravines, without taking any refreshments, and were hungry and tired. We entered the beautiful chapel of the monastery, and ascended to the gallery, while vespers were being chanted by the friars, and here we both prayed for a happy escape from our enemies.

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

IOMRADH.

Shneadhghusa agus Mic Riaghla—Sliocht Leabhair Bhuidhe Leacain.

LEIS AN ATHAIR EOGHAIN O'GHAMHNA.

(Roimh-Rádh—Do'n leight'heoir.)

[Ag so dhuit, i bh-foclaibh soilleire, an sceul arsáidh ar sheoltóireacht Shneadhghusa agus Mhic Riaghla. Cuirtear i g-cló mar so é, sáil go m-béidh meas ag an dream (go mór-mhór an aos óg) thuigeas an Nuadh-Ghaedhilge, ar na scribhinnibh luachmhara atá i d-talseidh agus i bh-foloch i d-teangaidh na h-Eireann. Ins an *Revue Celtique*, Leabhar IX, do cuireadh an sceul i g-cló ó'n lámh-scribhinn bhunudhasaigh le Whitley Stokes, agus is ar a lorg sin do righneasa an t-aistriughadh so. Do leanas mar is feárr d'fheudas do na briathraibh bunudhasacha.—EOG.]

Do bhi anró mór áir fhearaibh Rois tar éis bháis Dhómhnaill Mic Aodha mic Ainmireach, agus ba h-é so fáth a n-anró. Tar éis do mhacaibh Mhaeil Chobha Eire do ghabháil i n-dialdh Dhómhnaill, do bhiodar mic Dhómhnaill 'na righthibh ar Chineul Chonaill agus ar fhearaibh Rois .i. Donnchadh agus Flacha:—Donnchadh ar Thir Chonaill agus Flacha ar fhearaibh Rois.

Ba mhóra n-anró-san ag Flacha, óir ni leigthi arm ná eudach datha ag cin-neach dhiobh, agus ba h-adhbhal meud a bh-foghnamha, óir nior ba fhóghantaidhe do righ riamh roimhe iad.

Bliadhain do bhi Flacha 'na righ orra. I g-ceann na bliadhna tig Flacha go h-inbhear na Bóinne, agus gairmidhear chuige fir Rois. Adubhairt sé leó.—"Deanaidh tuilleadh fóghnamha!" "Ni fhuil againn nios mó," ar siad. Adubhairt seisean leo:—"Cuireadh bhur seile ar mo dhearnaibh." Do cuireadh: agus ba h-amh'aidh do bhi an seile agus a leath d'fhuil.

Adubhairt seisean annsin: "Ni fhuil bhur bh-fóghnamh ian fós, óir ni full go h-uile an seile. Cuiridh na tulcha ins na gleanntaibh go m-béidhdis ina d-tir (chomhthroim); cuiridh eroinn ins na machairibh go m-béidhdis 'na g-coillibh." Is annsin d'eirigh fiadh fiadhain i n-gar dhóibh. Eirighidh muintir uile an righ i ndiaidh an fhiadh. Ba h-annsin do bhaineadar fir Rois a arma féin do'n righ (óir ni raibh arm ag éin-neach dhiobhsan), agus do mharbhadar annsin e.

Ba h-ole le n-a bhráthair, le Donnchadh, an gniomh sin: agus téidh sé agus do righne sé braighde dhiobh uile, agus do ghuir sé i n-ein teach le n-a loscadh iad.

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

CHICAGO VETERINARY COLLEGE.

The twelfth annual commencement exercises of the Chicago Veterinary College took place on Thursday week, and judging from the extraordinary ability displayed by the graduates of the Class of '95, the high reputation which this college enjoys as one of the leading veterinary colleges in the United States, was ably sustained. The faculty is composed of gentlemen of the highest world-wide celebrity in the treatment of diseases peculiar to live stock. Following are the names of the faculty: R. J. Withers, M.D., M.D.C.; A. H. Baker, M.D.C.; C. E. Sayer, M.D.C.; J. F. Ryan, M.D.C.; Finley Ellingwood, M.D.; Joseph Hughes, M.R.C.V.S.; E. L. Quitman, M.D.C.; A. S. Alexander, F.H.A.S.; G. S. Baker, D.V.S.; F. S. Billings, M.D.C. Assistants to the faculty, C. A. White, M.D.C.; N. A. Graves, M. D.; P. L. Darcey, M.D.C.

The faculty gave a banquet at the Sherman House in the evening to the College graduates. Dr. Joseph Hughes, an eminent member of the faculty, presided on the occasion. The toasts and sentiments were ably responded to by Dr. A. H. Baker, the distinguished treasurer of the college, together with other members of the faculty, and prominent members of the graduating class of '95. The only layman present called upon to address the distinguished gathering was Major W. C. McClure, who responded to the sentiment the "The Road to Success in Life." His address was scholarly and eminently practical, and was well received.

Among the leading graduates was Dr. John J. McGrath, son of Mr. and Mrs. McGrath of Cappoquin, county Waterford, Ireland. Dr. McGrath only entered the college some eighteen months ago, but by hard work, constant application and careful attention to the lectures delivered by the faculty—and when time permitted carrying his knowledge into daily practice—was enabled to graduate with honor to himself as well as to the college which conferred on him the degree of M.D.C.

On Friday the graduates met in the college and the diplomas were distributed. Dr. John J. McGrath, who was selected by his class as its prophet, then read an humorous essay, selecting his prominent classmates for his shafts of humor. The essay was much enjoyed. Dr. C. J. Fleming then read the valedictory, which was full of the kindliest feelings for his classmates, and his pathetic remarks touched their hearts. After which the doctors of the class of '95 took their farewells, and then their departure to their respective homes.

Dr. McGrath has a wide circle of friends who are daily congratulating him on his success and extending to him their best wishes for his happiness and success in life. Dr. McGrath expects in a few weeks to visit his relatives and friends in Ireland and enjoy a rest before commencing his profession and to make for himself a reputation among the eminent veterinarians in the United States.

THE TEE-HE GIRL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

I know a little maiden, but really, on my word,
You would sooner think this person was a Tee-hee bird.
For no matter what you say,
If it's sad or if it's gay,
This silly maiden answers you with "Tee-he-he,"
With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

She's quite a pretty little girl, with bright and smiling eyes,
And, in some things, I understand that she is very wise.
But though she knows her letters,
No matter what her betters
Or her elders may remark to her, this little maiden, she
Is sure to end her answer with a "Tee-he-he,"
With a "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

If you tell her that your pocket is just stuffed all full of toys,
If you tell her you've a headache and she must not make a noise,
If you tell her she's your pride,
Or if you scold and chide,
It really is the same to her so far as I can see,
For her answer is a giggle with a "Tee-he-he."
A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

I have heard this little maiden say that she was very tired;
I have heard her ask for many things she very much desired;
But to everything she uttered,
Or mumbled forth or muttered,
She tacked that senseless giggle that is quite devoid of glee—
That foolish little habit of a "Tee-he-he,"
A "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

I sometimes feel quite worried lest an elf of whom I've heard
Should come along and change this girl into a Tee-hee bird;
When, in all sorts of weather,
With each curl turned to a feather,
She'd have to sit the livelong day alone upon a tree,
Just calling out to folks below her "Tee-he-he."
Her "Tee-he, tee-he, tee-he-he."

—*St. Nicholas for April.*

AN INDEPENDENT'S IDEAS.

Some Observations in Regard to the Attitude of Citizens of Irish Birth and Descent in American Politics.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., March 28.—With the growth of the widespread feeling that in the area of federal politics the policy of the Republican party is best adapted to the national needs of the American people, there is arising a sentiment that in the field of state and city politics the hands of this great party should be strengthened. Democratic failure in wrestling with monetary and commercial questions of formidable magnitude, as evidenced in the unsettled state of trade in all its varied branches, has drifted that party into a morass of disintegration. Regardless of the action and advice of the great American statesmen of the past, the Democratic leaders are seeking to merge the commercial resources of the United States with attenuated elements of Europe. The doctrine of the Republican party that the secret of American greatness is to be found solely on American soil is falsely refuted by men who would alloy the pure metal of United States prosperity by means of British alchemistry. With the passing years the American people are surely realizing that the glittering pictures of national greatness to be derived from free trade intercourse with rival countries is but a Democratic mirage. In pursuit of a phantom that party would convert the nation into a satrapy of Great Britain, and by assiduously wooing the English alliance would lose to America its distinctively national character.

The days when the Democratic lash was held over the citizens of Irish birth are happily passing away. That the lien retained by the Democratic politicians on the Irish vote is not of a perennial character is seen in the independent manner in which the Irish-American is throwing aside the shackles which had bound him for so long a period. No longer does he listen with too credulous ear to the false protestations of those who assure him that it is the Democratic party alone that hates the "Saxon," and that in free trade partisanship alone dwells a pure and unselfish love of the green flag. Neither can he be deaf to the shouts of approval of turtle-fed London Board of Trade men and the plaudits of the London *Times* over the pro-British actions of Democratic statesmen. Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes. The passage is as true today as when the astute old Trojan warned his countrymen against the wiles of the Greeks. The Democratic party is pledged deeply in entangling alliances with a country naturally hostile to and jealous of American strength. As an English-speaking country America is the rival of Britain and the early traditions which sunder us from Albion cannot be easily effaced. These and kindred facts appeal powerfully to the Irish citizens to pause before strengthening the hands of the Democratic party either in the domain of national, state, or city politics. Let him rather cling closely to that grand old section which, by presenting an independent and self-assertive action towards the subtle machinations of English intrigue, has steadfastly refused to lower the American standard either at home or abroad at the behest of those who are eagerly striving to throw commercial obstacles in the onward path of American progress. W. J. PURCELL.

STRIKES BACK.

"Red Hand" Replies to the Criticisms of "Alameda" in a Recent Issue of "The Citizen."

[*To the Editor.*]

DEAR SIR—In THE CITIZEN of March 9 appeared an article, written by me to the *Irish Republic*, giving an account of the death of a prominent Irish Nationalist of San Francisco. A correspondent in that city, signing himself "Alameda," claims that certain words in my article must have escaped your attention.

I would not notice the letter of my critic "Alameda," were it not for the fact that his letter has been reproduced in a San Francisco paper, and the editor of that paper indorses "Alameda's" views without hearing both sides, which I consider an injustice. The article written by me to the *Irish Republic*, and copied in THE CITIZEN, did not refer to religion, or to any man's belief. The portion of the article found fault with reads as follows: "If in another world there is a pious mansion for the blessed; if, as the wisest men have thought, the soul is not extinguished with the body, mayest thou, Brother ——, forever enjoy a state of eternal felicity."

My critic, "Alameda," must be possessed of a tortuosity of mind, which is incomprehensible, in order to find fault with the above sentence. "Alameda" says "there was no ifs in his belief as to the destiny of his immortal soul." From this assertion I take it for granted that "Alameda" must be a Calvinist, and not a Catholic. For no one but a predestined disciple of the Geneva school of theology would dare make such an assertion, or hold such doctrine. John Perrone, professor of theology in the Jesuit College in Rome, in speaking of the soul's destination, uses the following language: "Nemo, absyne speciali revalatione, certus esse potest certitudine fidei de sua justificatione, nec fide proinde tenetur credere se esse justificatum'"—"No one, without a special revelation, can be certain, by the certitude of his faith concerning his justification." "Who can say, 'My heart is clean: I am free from sin.'"—Proverbs, chap. xx, verse ix.

According to "Alameda," the wise man who wrote Proverbs expressed agnostic sentiments. "Alameda" may have received a special revelation, as to the destiny of the soul, such things are common in Alameda county. Perhaps he was one of Mrs. Woodward's disciples when she was in Oakland a few years ago; or some trance medium in San Francisco may have informed him concerning the next world. The word "if" in my article seems to be the only word with which he finds fault. Because of its use I am condemned as an agnostic. It depends, to a great extent, on how a sentence is read, as to the meaning which may be drawn from it. If "Alameda" is not mentally blind, he can see that the sentence contains no point of interogation after it. Our divine Lord and Savior Jesus Christ used an "if" when He said, "My Father, if it be possible, let this chalice pass from me."—St. Mathew, chap. xxvi, verse xxxix.

Father Quinn, in his funeral sermon over the late lamented Bishop of Sacramento, in the presence of an archbishop and fifty priests, used the following words: "Soul of our Bishop! Soul of our Bishop! *Wherever* thou art may God deal gently with thee" (*Monitor*, March 9). Will "Alameda" call Father Quinn an agnostic, because he did not know the destiny of a good Bishop's soul after it had left the body?

Robert Emmet used an "if" in his memorable speech, when he said, "If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who were dear to them in this transitory life," etc. But he may be excused by "Alameda," as he was not "nursed at an Irish Catholic mother's breast." "Alameda's" puerile talk about nursing would indicate that he has become childish, or that he has arrived at an advanced stage of senility. I confess to being an agnostic, in reference to a great many things: I did not know, before reading "Alameda's" letter, that a man's religion came to him by breast-milk, or that an infant was "consecrated at the baptismal font."

Out of respect to the memory of our deceased brother, I have refrained from mentioning his name in this communication, as I consider it profane to discuss every act of a man's life after he is dead. God alone can judge, and I believe that He is as merciful as He is just. RED HAND.

The Plucky Little Japs.

The fashion of the moment in Japan, says an exchange, is to speak disparagingly of England's prestige. One paper hints that it is fortunate for England that Japan is not fighting against her instead of China, and quaintly adds that if England be stripped of India, Waterloo and Trafalgar, she is a very insignificant power. England will evidently have to fight. The Japs say so. For instance, a Tokio official came at the New Year to call upon Mr. McIvor, the American consul-general, and declared that Japan would have to fight England. Mr. McIvor did not laught outright, but declared that England was more powerful than China. "I know it, replied the bellicose official, "but we can beat England, and we are going to do it."

IRISH ITEMS.

At a recent meeting of the Dublin Gaelic League, Mr. John O'Leary in the chair, a debate took place on the probable success that would attend the starting of a weekly Gaelic paper. As there are at present more people in the country able to read Irish than at any time within two hundred years, and as the number is increasing daily, it was generally believed that the time was fast approaching when such a venture would be likely to be successful.

An extensive vein of coal has been discovered at the Dungannon collieries, county Tyrone, at a depth of 570 feet from the surface. Several tons were raised and tested for steam and domestic purposes, and proved to be of excellent quality, and much superior to Scotch coal.

About three weeks ago Mr. Florence O'Driscoll, M.P., had a narrow escape from drowning in Western Australia. He was out boating with four companions, when the boat was capsized. Mr. O'Driscoll saved himself by swimming a considerable distance, but his companions were drowned.

The death is announced at Lisfinney Castle, near Lismore, county Waterford, of Mrs. Helen Parker Pyne, widow of the late Jasper Douglas Pyne, M.P., who disappeared mysteriously from on board one of the North Wall express steamers when crossing from Holyhead to Dublin, a few years ago. It will be remembered that at Lisfinney Castle, which he fortified against attack, Mr. Douglas Pyne took refuge for the purpose of avoiding arrest under the Coercion act for various alleged offenses, and that after a long siege he escaped, notwithstanding the precautions taken by the authorities for his capture. Mrs. Pyne leaves a young family to mourn her loss.

During the first two months of this year the number of smallpox patients taken to the hospital in the Dublin registration district was 537; the number of deaths from that disease for the same period being 58.

In the house of commons Monday evening Home Secretary Asquith announced that the Irish political prisoners, O'Callaghan and McCann, had been released. Each had served twelve years of his term. He also stated that O'Callaghan was fast losing his eyesight, and that McCann had passed his 70th year.

Newspaper Statistics.

There are 2,304 newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland, of which England has 1,798, Ireland 168, Scotland 217, Wales 98, and Isles 23. There are 18 daily papers published in Ireland, 152 in England, 19 in Scotland, 7 in Wales, and 2 in the British Isles. Forty-nine years ago (in 1846) there were only 551 newspapers in Great Britain and Ireland, 14 of which were issued daily—12 in England and 2 in Ireland.

LIBBY PRISON MUSEUM.

Mr. John M. Ransom, lessee and manager of the Libby Prison National War Museum, announces that, notwithstanding reports to the contrary, that attractive place of entertainment and instruction will be kept open until May 1, 1895. Adult admissions 25c; children, 15c.

Something Interetisng to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

You will ride a Bicycle

Of course you will ride. All the world will—fashion, pleasure, business — men, women, children. It takes a while sometimes for the world to recognize its privileges; but when it does it adapts itself promptly. Therefore, you who are in the world will ride a bicycle—a

COLUMBIA

bicycle if you desire the best the world produces; a Hartford, the next best, if anything short of a Columbia will content you.

Columbias, $100; Hartfords, $80 $60; for boys and girls, $50.

POPE MFG. CO., Hartford, Conn.

Boston, New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Providence, Buffalo.

A Catalogue—comprehensive, beautiful—at any agency free, or by mail for two 2-cent stamps. The book tells all the new Columbias and Hartfords

7th Regt. Band, I. N. G.

John F. Forrest, Chief Musician.

MUSIC FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

OFFICE, 151 RANDOLPH STREET.

Next to Hooley's Theatre. CHICAGO.

A WOMAN'S KISS.

Mrs. Maine was thinking as seriously as she could ever think at all of marrying again. She was a young and pretty widow, and when she first appeared in the conventional weeds that so pointedly indicate the presence of grief for a departed husband London went mad about her. Fair women whose spouses were still hale and hearty took to going out in black crape ball dresses, and for a time colors became almost unfashionable. But when the appointed year of mourning had run its course Mrs. Maine stopped wearing black with a light heart. She was passionately fond of bright things, of gay music, of the frivolities that are supposed to make life endurable. She put away her somber gowns and in a short time had almost forgotten that she had ever been married. Although an English woman, she was inclined to take the French view of matrimony as to consider that it rather meant emancipation than love—that it was, in fact, a sort of latchkey presented to a woman on her wedding day by the man whom she took "for better." Her husband had possessed a fortune and an inherited weakness of the lungs. He died of the latter and bequeathed to her the former. Now, when she chanced to think of him, she not unnaturally blessed his memory.

Her freedom was absolutely complete. She could go into a nunnery or dance, which ever she chose. She did neither precisely, but visited the playhouses, was often to be seen with lively little parties sipping at the Savoy, drove down very frequently to Hurlingham or Ranelagh and spent her days and nights in society, desiring nothing better, perfectly satisfied and perfectly successful. Everybody called her a dear little woman, and the only luxury that she could not command was an enemy.

This sort of thing went on until she was 28. Life was certainly real to her, but it was never earnest. It was a jingle of music, a ring o' bells, a masked ball without a midnight of unmasking, a battle in which the only weapons were flowers. She enjoyed it all immensely until she was 28, and then a certain weariness began to creep over her and to frighten her. She was forced to realize, with a strong reluctance, that among her many possessions she numbered the bizarre capacity of tiring of accustomed things which has wrecked so many lives and wrinkled so many faces. Her frivolous friends bored her. She was passing into another period—was bending to listen to fresh voices.

A love of fame, and of those who possessed it, woke slowly in her heart. She had never been a social Diana, never a huntress tracking down lions. When she had met great men, or men reputed great, she had liked them to worship her. She had never dreamed of worshiping them. But one season in her set it became the fashion to admire effort and sit at the feet of accomplishment rather than of beauty or of money, and when her set got up Mrs. Maine remained in the posture of worship. Henceforth she loved only to be with those who had done something, or were in course of doing something. She gave up going to balls and began to search about in her mind for talents.

Could not she do something, too—write a story, paint a picture, cause a world to weep or laugh or gape at some deed of hers? She was tired of being known as a beauty. Compliments paid to her features fatigued her. She wanted people to adore her mind. That they found it difficult to do so was a source of annoyance to her. Only when she had made an effort in literature and failed did she become less egotistical. Her vanity evaporated like a little mist, and, unable to be a successful writer herself, she was at last content to live in the work of others. She was resolved to have a salon and to inspire talent to mighty deeds. Rising men attracted her greatly, and she surrounded herself with them, impregnating their atmosphere with the power and dignity that emanate from the fully risen. Intellectual success became her god and intellectual failure her devil.

Men both rising and risen admired and appreciated her for her beauty and her sympathy, but there was one who learned to feel far more than admiration, and he was the immediate cause of Mrs. Maine's serious mood today. His name was Roger Slade, and he was an artist, very celebrated and very picturesque. He was also intensely ambitious and not disinclined to add a successful marriage to the weapons with which he intended to fight and completely conquer the world.

Mrs. Maine sat alone in her delicate drawing room—a white drawing room, with an ivory carpet, snowy rugs and quantities of white Dresden—thinking how very celebrated and how very picturesque he was. The day was foggy and cold. Pedestrians slipped on the pavements, lost their tempers and their way. Battalions of filthy torchbearers screamed husky offers of assistance. Omnibus horses tumbled down and refused tumultuously to get up. The cries of skaters came faintly from the ornamental water in St. James park.

And Mrs. Maine sat by her fire, very warm and snug, but very grave. She was considering a weighty matter.

"I wonder what I had better do?" she thought, glancing down at a note that she held in her hand. "I wonder what I really want to do?"

And she read the note again for the sixth time. It was very short and very plain spoken:

"SAVILLE CLUB, Piccadilly, Jan. 11, 189—.

MY DEAR MRS. MAINE—Will you be surprised at this letter? I hardly think so. You must have divined long ago the state of my feelings toward you, and indeed you have encouraged me to believe that I could make your life happier and more complete than it has been since you were left comparatively alone among your troops of friends. I ask you to marry me, since I love you dearly. Can you give yourself to me? Tomorrow at 5 o'clock I will call to receive your answer. If you instruct your servant to say, "Not at home," I shall understand that I am refused. But see me, my dear friend, and tell me that you will be to me in the future something dearer still—my inspirer, my wife. Yours always. ROGER SLADE.

The note was like the man, Mrs. Maine thought—grave, restrained, but very sincere, very straightforward. As she read it she recalled the past, in which the artist had been so strange a figure. Yes, it was true she had given him every reason to hope. She had singled him out from the crowd which had surrounded her and led him on to love her.

Did she love him? She thought so.

"What shall I do?" she murmured. "He is coming for his answer at 5"—she looked at the clock—"in a quarter of an hour. If I say 'Not at home,' he will take it as a refusal. Shall I be in?" She smiled softly at the fire. "I think I shall."

Just at that moment there came a ring at the bell, and Mrs. Maine started up. "He is more than punctual," she thought as she cast a hasty glance into the mirror in order to have the customary satisfaction of knowing that she was looking her best.

There were steps outside, and the butler opened the door, but it was not the artist who followed him. A thin woman, with a light fringe worn very low on her forehead, gray eyes and unsmiling expression, entered slowly.

Mrs. Maine tried to hide the disappointment that she felt. "How good of you to come through the fog to see me, Belle," she said. "Sit here by the fire, and I will give you some tea."

Her friend sat down dreamily and remarked, "Whom were you expecting, dear?"

"How could I expect anybody on such a day?"

"And it was a man. I know that by your look into the glass."

"Really, Belle, you are too observant. And suppose it was, what then?"

Belle de Rinski looked at Mrs. Maine critically and continued: "Why, you are actually blushing! Surely you are not expecting a lover to come to you through the fog?"

The young widow laughed a little uneasily.

"What if I said a future husband?"

"And is he coming?"

"At 5 o'clock."

"In ten minutes? So you are positively thinking of marrying again? How extraordinary!"

"I scarcely see why. Do you intend always to remain a widow—the richest, the most independent widow in London, as I heard you called only yesterday?"

The other waived the question with a quiet deliberation that was characteristic of her and put another, "May I not hear his name?"

Mrs. Maine hesitated for a moment. Then she answered: "Well, you are a great friend, and you probably have guessed it already. Why should I not tell you? It is your old friend, Roger Slade."

The Comtesse de Rinski put her tea cup down with a sudden movement that caused a clatter of china.

"Yes, a little more tea, please," she said. "And I like it strong. Roger Slade—that is a curious choice. So he proposed to you?"

"Only by letter. He is coming today for his answer, at 5 o'clock. If I say 'Not at home,' he will take it for a refusal."

"Really! And you will say"—

"'At home,' I think."

The comtesse looked at the clock thoughtfully and sipped her strong tea.

"And so in five minutes you mean to make up your mind to relinquish your liberty?" she said in even tones. "Well, why not? We women are the strangest creatures certainly. There will be an eruption of pictures presently upon the walls of the exhibitions. Mrs. Slade as Venus, as Ariadne, as Psyche; portrait of the artist's wife, by R. Slade, A. R. A. You will be a pretty model."

"Yes. It is much the same thing. I suppose his earnestness will never bore you. He is a good fellow, but he is terribly in earnest."

"I like that. There is a depth in his gravities, not dullness. Yes; I know I like that."

"But severe earnestness at breakfast, at afternoon tea, in one's opera box, might not it prove trying?"

Mrs. Maine considered. "I don't know. I have hardly thought about it. He only wrote to me this morning."

"And you will say 'yes' without a moment's consideration? After all, if you love him, you are quite right."

"I think I do," Mrs. Maine said a little doubtfully. "I think I shall."

The Comtesse de Rinski took a tiny roll of bread and butter and remarked, "They say his prices are going down."

Mrs. Maine frowned slightly. "Impossible," she said. "Why, he is at the very height of fame."

"Yes; he is very celebrated. In the old days it used to be once a celebrity always a celebrity, but now people can rise and fall while you can say 'one.' At Lambe's gallery in Old Bond street they declare that his popularity is on the wane. If that is true, no wonder he stretches out his hands for consolation. Love is often an excellent crutch for hobbling ambition."

"But—but"—

"You would rather share his glory than scathe his dark hour. Ah, Kitty, that is so like you!"

"No, Belle; you are wrong. But a waning celebrity is apt to be irritable."

"One can always calm irritation with affection, and he is quite good looking. Kitty, dear, I congratulate you."

Mrs. Maine got up from her sofa restlessly and walked about the room, putting one or two of the white ornaments that rested on the white overmantel straight, fidgeting with the silk cushion and stirring the fire that already blazed brightly enough.

"Perhaps your congratulations are premature," she said.

"Why? I thought from your manner that you had decided."

"I mean to decide by tonight."

"But that is rather hard upon him, isn't it? If you let him in this afternoon, of course he will believe that you intend to accept him."

"And if I don't?"

"He will then think he is refused."

"I can write and explain one way or the other tonight."

"But meanwhile he will be in misery."

Mrs. Maine did not look ill pleased at the idea. "Yes, poor fellow," she said. "But if I accept him after all his eventual joy will be the greater. Besides, Belle, you are right. I must have a little time for consideration. Men always are in such a hurry."

"That is true," said the comtesse, putting the white cup down carefully.

Just then the clock chimed 5, and almost simultaneously there was a ring at the hall door bell.

"There he is," said the comtesse. "Will you see him? Because if so I will go at once."

She stood up, with her gray eyes fixed upon her friend.

But the latter opened the drawing room door and called softly to the footman, "Somers, say 'Not at home.'"

"Yes, ma'am."

"And let me know at once who called."

"Yes, ma'am."

The hall door opened and shut, and a moment later the man entered with a card. It bore the name of Roger Slade, and in the corner was inscribed in pencil, "P. P. C."

Mrs. Maine took the card thoughtfully. "Poor fellow!" said she. "But perhaps I may make him happy tonight. Oh, you are not going, Belle?"

"Yes, dear. I must run away, after all. I have just remembered another call I meant to pay close by."

"You will pass him in his carriage perhaps. Do peep and tell me if he is looking sad. Write this evening and tell me."

"I will. Goodby, darling."

And she kissed Mrs. Maine and went out across the hall to her carriage.

As soon as Belle had gone Mrs. Maine went up stairs, ordered her carriage, to the dismay of her coachman, and wrapped herself in furs.

"Drive to Lambe's gallery, in Bond street," she said as she got into the brougham.

With some difficulty the coachman found his way there, and Mrs. Maine, entering the gallery under the pretense of choosing some etchings, engaged in conversation with one of the attendants, a polite young man, whose one desire in life seemed to be to afford his employer's customers exclusive information on all matters connected with art.

"You haven't any pictures by Roger Slade for sale at present, I suppose?" she asked eventually, with an affectation of careless indifference that she was far from feeling.

No, they had none just then, she was told.

"I hear his prices are going up," Mrs. Maine continued warmly.

To her surprise and delight the young man acquiesced. Mr. Slade's fame was increasing rather than diminishing in the art world, he declared. There was a tremendous run on all his work, and dealers were quite prepared to pay very large sums for the smallest outcome of his talent.

This was all that Mrs. Maine desired to know, and she drove home well pleased, but a trifle puzzled.

"I wonder how Belle came to make such a mistake," she thought. "There is evidently nothing of the waning celebrity about my lover."

She picked up his card again in the drawing room and smiled as she looked at the "P. P. C." in the corner.

"I wonder what he felt like when he stood on my doorstep and wrote those three letters?" she said to herself. "Well, after dinner I will sit down and write him a note that will put him out of his misery. I wonder if Belle saw him as she was going away and whether she will send around to tell me how he looked?"

But no communication arrived from the Comtesse de Rinski, and Mrs. Maine could only go on wondering.

It was just after 9 o'clock when she sat down to write to the artist. She had thought things thoroughly over and had made up her mind that she was tired of being a widow, and that Roger Slade would be the ideal husband, handsome, affectionate, and, best of all, successful. Yet she was assured of that last and most important fact now, and the assurance made her eyes glitter with eagerness and her cheek flush as she picked up a pen and drew a sheet of paper toward her.

"My dear Mr. Slade," she wrote, and then she was interrupted by the entrance of the footman with a salver.

"A note for you, ma'am," he said. "There is no answer."

Mrs. Maine took it up and saw that the address was in Roger Slade's handwriting.

She smiled. "He has reconsidered his 'P. P. C.,'" she thought, "and written again to beg me to marry him. How he loves me!" And she tore the note open and read it swiftly:

DEAR MRS. MAINE—As I was leaving your door this afternoon, after receiving your reply to my letter, I encountered your friend, the Comtesse de Rinski, who told me she had just been with you. She drove me home, and somehow I was moved to tell her of my trouble—a trouble that I have put away from me now, I hope, forever. Although she stood up for you in your strange, and—forgive me for saying it—cruelly heartless conduct toward me as a friend should, I could see that I had all her womanly sympathy, and—well, to make a long story short I asked her to give it to me for all time. At first she refused absolutely. She said that it was impossible after what I had just told her. But at last she consented to be my wife—out of pity perhaps. Yet pity often grows into love. She is a true woman. Give me your congratulations. That is all I ask of you. Yours sincerely, ROGER SLADE.

Mrs. Maine stood still by the table with the letter in her hand. Her face was very white. Then she let it slip to the floor as she murmured with trembling lips: "A true woman! Yes, and the richest woman in London!"

A new thought seemed to strike her, and she shuddered as if with cold as she added in a whisper, "And she kissed me as she went!"—London World.

Moving.

Young Actor—I wonder how my death scene affected the audience?

Manager—It moved them in tiers.—Boston Courier.

SPORT IN THE VELDT.

A TALE OF GUNNING THAT WILL WARM A HUNTER'S BLOOD.

Game Birds That Are Gems Among Their Fellows—Wagon Life In a Wild Country Innocent of Farms and Fences—No Heavy Clothing to Encumber the Hunter.

Wagon life in the South African interior has of course its drawbacks, yet in a climate where for about seven months absolutely settled weather may be relied upon its pleasures outnumber them 50 to 1. To mount one's pony on a clear bright morning; to ride forth into the veldt with a friend and a brace of pointers, with the blessed feeling that you have not a care in the world beyond the march of your wagon to the next water; to be absolutely certain of some pretty shooting in a wild country innocent of farms and fences; to return to camp toward evening with perhaps 10 or 12 brace of birds and a small buck—these things, to the average healthy male, seem as near perfection as may be found in this vale of tears.

It is 8 o'clock on a bright April morning in South Bechuanaland. The air is full of light, brisk and wonderfully exhilarating. Four gunners have just breakfasted under the lee of their wagon. Now, having mounted their ponies—the average South African horse is seldom more than 14 hands—they ride quietly down the hither side of the shallow valley—"laagte," it is called in these parts—wherein they were outspanned, and climb the farther rise.

It is a picturesque scene. The slopes are clothed with a long growth of waving grass, now greenish yellow after the rains, amid which great bowlders of dark red rock crop up. Here and there small patches of blue green bush start out from the grassy veldt. Beyond, crowning the valley, begins a thickish woodland of short trees—bastard yellow wood, the Boers call them—which extends for some miles in front, till the great open plains are again reached. As the gunners ride up the farther slope their wagon is already in motion behind them, starting upon its day's trek, 17 miles to the next water. Through the clear, nimble air comes the crack of the driver's great whip and his shrill cries, hurled at the oxen, and the unwieldy home on wheels crushes slowly through the yielding sand. But now the gunners have spread out in line, and the pointers are already busy. Near some bowlders one of the dogs feathers a little, then stands, rigid as a figure of bronze. The two nearest gunners dismount. They already carry their guns and bandoliers and ride, as men do in the veldt, in their flannel shirts with their sleeves well rolled up the arms. There is little to encumber their movements. Breeches, gaiters and stout boots, a shirt and a shady hat are all that a man needs in Africa.

The reins are thrown over the ponies' necks and hang in front of them, and the nags will stand quietly for hours. Now the gunners are close upon the pointer, still standing with rigid tail and outstretched neck. These francolins lie close in the long grass. "Where the dence"— On a sudden up spring three brown birds within five feet of the sportsmen. Twenty yards of law, the guns are up, two light reports from smokeless cartridges, and a brace of the birds hit the earth. Almost instantly a third report follows, and the near gunner has secured his right and left, not a difficult matter with these francolin.

But the pointer is not yet content. Another brace of birds is found and brought to bag within 30 yards. The partridges are now gathered. They prove to be the small Coqui francolin—"N'swimpi" the natives call them—perhaps the most beautiful game birds in the world. As one of them lies in the gunner's palm for a few moments, the bright nankin yellow and orange of the head, the clear, hawklike markings of the breast and the beautiful shape and feathering mark this partridge of Africa as a gem among its fellows. The birds are bestowed in a saddlebag, and the gunners mount and ride into the forest on the right hand side of the wagon road. Meanwhile their comrades have entered the woodland more to the left hand, and their guns can be heard already going.

For two hours the sportsmen quietly walk their horses through the forest, moving due west. Once their pointer gets into a small troop of guinea fowl delving for bulbs, and after a smart chase drives three of them into a tree, whence, as they fly off, the gunners secure them easily enough.

At length, after picking up a few butterflies in the forest clearings, for they carry a net, our gunners emerge upon broad, rolling, sun drenched plains, covered with long, pale yellow grass. Through these they ride steadily hour after hour, picking up every now and again a head or two of game. Now it is a brace of big red wing partridge (Orange river francolin); now one of those annoying yet handsome game birds, the black and white bustard—zwart koorhaan, the Boers call him—whose very noisy and chiding ways are familiar everywhere in open veldt in South Africa. Now, after keenest search, a leash of tiny bush quail are flushed and secured, one after the other having literally to be kicked up. A hare and a solitary "dikkop"—thick knee plover—are added to the growing bag.—Cor. London Review.

Greeley's Double.

During the life of Horace Greeley a man who resembled him—and nearly every town of any size had one such citizen—found his way impeded by the attentions thrust upon him, and which were intended for another man. He was a commonplace person who took no interest in the questions of the day, but possessed the famous facial resemblance which impressed strangers. Such a double of greatness had only to keep silence and look wise to be mistaken for his distinguished prototype.—Exchange.

THE SILK WAS CHEAP.

But It Fell From Grace When Each Knew the Other Knew the Price.

It was bargain day in one of the large down town stores, and the counters were piled with evening silks of the most tempting prices.

Two women were industriously turning over the pieces, and one of them said to her companion, "Yes, I'm getting a gown to wear to my sister-in-law's wedding, and the only thing which puzzles me is which piece to take—they are all so delightfully cheap and they look so handsome."

"Yes, it is hard to decide," admitted the other woman, whose bored and weary air proclaimed her merely the escort. The active shopper looked fresh and alert.

"Yes. Now, if I only knew what Victoria was going to wear, it would be easy enough. I'm determined for once that my gown shall cast hers in the shade. When we were girls together, she was glad enough to copy my things, but now she's married Henry's elder brother, who has more money than Henry has, and she does put on such airs."

"Yes. This is a pretty piece," suggested her companion, who wanted her lunch.

"Isn't it? I wonder if it is quite as good as the one that woman has over there. I think I shall take this—I'm sure Victoria would never know but that it was awfully expensive, for I shall tell her that it was $3 a yard. There won't be a piece left to tell the tale after today, anyhow. Not that she'd ever look at a bargain counter—she's too proud for that. Let me see, how many yards"—

"You would like to see this piece in the light, madam?" said the voice of a clerk back of them. "Certainly. Step this way, please. Yes, the very thing for a wedding. We are selling—will you allow me to pass, ladies?"

The two women stepped aside, and the one who was counting up how many yards she needed cried:

"Why, Victoria, is that you? I—I've been looking for a gown to wear at Marie's wedding."

"So have I," replied the lady who had been following the clerk to the light, "but—but I don't see anything here that is nearly good enough."

"Neither do I," replied the other woman, and she put down the piece she had been holding lest some one else get it. "Come, Amy, we will go."

"Will you look at this piece in the light, madam?" asked the clerk.

"Not today," was the haughty reply. "I will come in again and look at something better."

And the two parties moved off in opposite directions, leaving the clerk behind the counter and the one standing in the aisle smiling at each other.—Chicago Tribune.

"Colorow's a Squaw."

Edward, one of "the fighting McCooks," while governor of Colorado territory had a good deal of trouble with the Indians, and especially with their chief, Colorow, a great scoundrel and a coward at heart. The chief would have shot the governor one day had it not been for the family nerve of the McCooks. The National Tribune of Washington tells the story:

With a party of his braves Colorow came to Denver one day, and after drinking heavily of whisky told his followers that he was going up to kill McCook. The governor had his office in a two story building and sat with his back to the door, with a looking glass on the desk in front of him, so that he could see any one coming in without turning.

McCook was expecting some trouble with Colorow and was seated at his desk when the Indian came in. Colorow had a pistol in his hand, and approaching McCook he stood by his side and grunted:

"McCook liar!"

The governor never looked up, but kept on writing.

"McCook heap liar," repeated Colorow, but the governor never noticed it.

"McCook heap big liar," continued Colorow, and still the pen scratched away. Colorow mistook McCook's silence for fear and let his pistol hand drop until his arm hung down straight. In an instant McCook grasped the Indian's wrist, and in another the pistol fell to the floor.

Turning Colorow around, the governor deliberately thrust him down stairs and out of the door into the circle of Indians who were waiting for the expected trouble.

"Colorow's a squaw," said McCook to the assembled Indians, and giving the chief a parting push he returned to his office.

Royal Intellects.

"How do royal personages compare with ordinary mankind as regards brain power and intellect?" is the purport of an inquiry from a reader of the New York Tribune, one which has probably been called forth by some reference to Prince Bismarck's well known phrase about "Austria's imbecile archdukes," in connection with the recent death of the old uncle of Emperor Francis Joseph.

To this, reply is made that, as a general rule, the intelligence of the "anointed of the Lord" is not above the average of that of ordinary mortals. Paradoxical though it may appear, brains are not needed in any superabundant quantity to direct the destinies of great and powerful nations, and ancient as well as modern history teaches that the most successful rulers have been persons of a mental caliber below rather than above the average, whereas those monarchs who were exceptionally gifted have invariably shown themselves unfitted to administer the destinies of the people subject to their control.

This may be explained by the fact that dullness usually goes hand in hand with caution, which is a very desirable quality in a ruler, while genius is often both impulsive and impracticable.

HAWAII, THE BEAUTIFUL.

The cocoa, with its crest of spears,
Stands sentry round the crescent shores;
The algeroba, bent with years,
Keeps watch beside the lanai door;
The cool wind fans the mango's cheeks;
The mynah flits from tree to tree,
And zephyrs to the roses speak
Their sweetest words at Waikiki.

Like truant children of the deep
Escaped behind a coral wall,
The lisping wavelets laugh and leap
Nor heed old ocean's stern recall.
All day they frolic with the sands,
Kiss pink lipped shells in wanton glee,
Make windrows with their patting hands
And, singing, sleep at Waikiki.

O Waikiki! O scene of peace!
O home of beauty and of dreams!
No haven in the isle of Greece
Can chord the harp to sweeter themes.
For hours haunt the broad lanais,
While scented zephyrs cool the tea,
And looking down from sunset skies
The angels smile on Waikiki.

—Rollin M. Daggett.

A Disputed Discovery.

The man does not live, perhaps, who has the least idea of the name of the discoverer of the properties and ingredients of gunpowder, or who can tell within 500 or 1,000 years the date of its discovery. I have recently read both sides of the gunpowder controversy as it has appeared in a New York daily (where one writer argues that the discoverer was Roger Bacon, while the other declares that history supports the assertion that Michael Schwartz, a German monk, deserves the praise). It appears to me that the controversy in reference to Bacon versus Schwartz is of secondary importance, especially when it is known that it was in use hundreds of years before the birth of either.

Rziha has compiled a long chronological history of this useful explosive, of which the following is an abridgement:

Julius Africanus (215 A. D.) gives a splendid formula for the preparation of gunpowder.

In the year 690, when the Arabs bombarded Mecca, they used firearms.

A Greek manuscript by Marcus Graechus, which is now in the Oxford (England) museum, gives an excellent recipe for gunpowder.

In 880 Leo, the philosopher, made "fire rockets" for the use of the army in the east.

In 1073 King Solomon of Hungary bombarded Belgrade with cannons.

In 1232 the Tartars employed "fire pipes and balls" in their war with China.

All the above occurred from one to ten centuries before either Bacon or Schwartz was born.—St. Louis Republic.

An Important Item In Murder Cases.

Whether the blood stains found on the hands and garments of suspected murderers are those of the victim or of some animal has for many years been a most difficult question to decide. The presence of the sanguinary fluid forms a very strong bit of circumstantial evidence, but no expert has until recently been able to swear positively that the stains were made by the blood of a human being. Dr. Cyrus Edson has often been called as an expert in murder cases, but with a deep sense of the importance of his decision has many times refused to testify that it was blood of a human being which he was required to examine. Recently, however, he has made an important discovery, and one which definitely fixes the action of experts in the future. By magnifying blood corpuscles and throwing them upon a screen with a magic lantern the form, consistency and other peculiarities of blood are clearly established, and it is shown that blood drawn from the veins of a human being is entirely unlike that of any other creature. The importance of this discovery may be realized when it is known that within one single year at least 15 cases have occurred in which the identification of human blood was necessary in order to establish the guilt of the suspected party.—New York Ledger.

A Quarrel by Cable.

The cable was once the medium for a lovers' quarrel, which took place between a lady in New York and a gentleman in France. The heroine was no other than that divine French artiste whose genius we all admire. The gentleman was a dramatic author, now no more. This curious quarrel took place one Sunday, the cable being joined through direct. It bristled with passionate reproaches, bitter, stinging sarcasms, couched in picturesque French. The scene was intensely dramatic. Both the actors, so near and yet so far, trembled with jealous passion as their bitter sarcasms were flashed through the coils of this gigantic sea serpent. Mutual complaints, reproaches and threats continued, until a last stinging sarcasm from France reduced the excitable artiste to a state of nervous excitement which culminated in hysterics. The cable was then restored to its normal condition and the artiste to her senses.—London Standard.

A Dream and Its Fulfillment.

A young man living in Florence dreamed that he had been bitten and mortally wounded by the marble lion which stood with open jaws in front of a certain church. Walking past the church with a few friends on the following day he told them of his dream and placed his hand in the lion's mouth, with the words, "Now bite me." At that very instant he felt a violent pain, for a scorpion that lay concealed in the lion's jaws had stung him so severely that he died in a few hours.—Secolo.

The Devil's House.

In Ladyard, a small town in Connecticut, is a house built prior to 1710 which bears the title of the "Devil's House." A curse is supposed to rest upon it, and in proof it is pointed out that in the present century more than 100 deaths have occurred in it, most of which were violent or more than ordinarily pathetic. The curse is supposed to have been put upon the place by a girl named Green, who was ill treated there by a relative to secure her property.—Philadelphia Ledger.

THE FATAL THIRTEEN.

A Story, Which May Not Be True, That Will Be Food For the Superstitious.

Thirteen members of the Sprudel Fishing club of Buffalo defied the old superstition one sultry day last August, embarked in a yacht belonging to one of the party and made a day of it down the river. They visited some of the pleasure resorts on Grand island, ate a fine lunch, drank much beer and returned to the city about 10 o'clock in the evening. As evidence of what they had done they sat before a photographer at Sour Spring Grove and had a group picture made. The photograper was ordered to strike off 13 copies, one for each member, and then destroy the negative.

The Sprudels is a great social-political organization of Buffalo. It has nearly 1,000 members. Last winter it secured the big Broadway arsenal and gave a ball for charity, which was attended by 10,000 people.

The 13 men who made the trip were all comparatively young men, not one over 42, and all robust and healthy. Within two months three of them have died suddenly. The first of the 13 to go was Michael North, a wholesale cigar dealer. He caught cold in the early winter, had a hemorrhage of the lungs and died suddenly. He was 42 years old and a man of strong constitution. About two weeks later the Sprudels were shocked to learn of the sudden death of Albert Baetzhold. He went into the street while in a heated condition after a contest in a bowling alley, caught cold and was carried off by pneumonia in two days. He was 31 years old, nearly 6 feet high, weighed 180 ponnds and had the red cheeks of a girl. The third to die was the man of all the members of the club whom an insurance company would pick out as the best risk. He was Herman H. Kamper, an amateur athlete, a man who never dissipated, 6 feet tall, splendidly proportioned and 30 years old. Pneumonia killed him in two days.

The rest of the 13 began to feel uncomfortable. One day, while looking at the picture taken at Sour Spring Grove, it struck John Schwabl as a remarkable fact that the three men who had died stood in the front row in the picture. He communicated his discovery to the others. When the picture was taken, the men stood four in row, with the thirteenth man in the rear.—Buffalo Dispatch in New York Sun.

WHO IS "TELEMAQUE?"

The Mysterious Individual Who Staked Count Boniface and Caught On.

Here is the first explanation of a hitherto inexplicable circumstance of the Gould-Castellane marriage:

Among the guests at that most advertised of American marriages was a man, newly rich, not distinguished for elegance of manner, breadth of education or for anything save an inordinate and abnormal itch to "get into society" and a monumental cheek in furthering an ambition not uncommon to people of his antecedents.

But he was there, and all the Four Hundred looked on and wondered, especially those that were not invited.

It turns out now that this hearty old buck of humble origin, small beginnings and unbounded aspirations got his invitation to the wedding through Count Boniface de Castellane, the bridegroom.

As everybody knows, Count Boniface had very little money prior to his marriage with the American heiress.

He was forced to borrow.

He was short of collateral or other material security, but his social position was valuable in the eyes of the man to whom I have referred.

The latter came to the count's assistance and indorsed his notes to the amount of $200,000, I am told, and thereafter was the count's bosom friend.

Wherever the Count Castellane was, there was "the little joker," and of course he got an invitation to the wedding, and of course he went.

You can bet that this particular example of the newly rich never misses a trick in his social game.

And such is the complex and heterogeneous character of our social fabric that, in spite of certain drawbacks, like the insect without wings, he will get there just the same.

I have not mentioned by name this charming friend of the noble Count de Castellane, but for an appropriate cognomen I'll dub him Telemaque.—Cholly Knickerbocker in New York Recorder.

A Battle Over Whiskers.

St. Louis is the scene of a lively battle between organized employers and the waiters in hotels and restaurants, etc. It is the same old strife over whiskers. The employers want the men to be clean shaven, and the employees refuse to allow the hirsute adornment which covers their faces to be removed. The trouble has even extended to the hackmen and coachmen, who have combined with the waiters and have taken a firm stand against allowing their whiskers to be removed.

They have been seeking to obtain the sympathy of the labor organizations of St. Louis, but the members of the Barbers' union are against them and are ready to cut the objectionable whiskers off, shave them off, chop them off—in short, anything to remove them.

The legislature has taken a hand in the trouble, and two bills have been introduced, one requiring all waiters in hotels, restaurants, etc., to be clean shaven and the other making it a misdemeanor for an employer to discriminate against an employee who wears a beard.—Albany Argus.

Not In His District.

During the last campaign the candidates were all obliged to run the gantlet of raffle tickets, church fair tickets, subscriptions, etc. One of the mayoralty candidates was approached by a tall, motherly looking lady, who sweetly solicited money for the missionaries in Africa.

"Africa," exclaimed the candidate, "not a cent. It is out of my district."—Wilkesbarre Leader.

SAVED HER SLIPPERS.

A Bit of Hitherto Unpublished History of the War of 1812.

This is a chapter of semiofficial, semidomestic history, and it is vouched for by a granddaughter of the hero's family line, a Chicagoan who now lives on Dearborn avenue.

Prominent in Mr. Madison's cabinet sat, fourscore years ago, Secretary of the Navy Jones, the son of a famous shipbuilder, a man gallant not only in spirit, but in dress and manner. His fitness for his office is attested by the naval histories of the war of 1812. But the successful secretary had more wit than hair, and a wig was a sine qua non of his political and social life. All went well with this adornment until the luckless August day in 1814 when the British marched from Bladensburg upon Washington.

It will be remembered that President Madison and his cabinet stood not upon the order of their going on that occasion, but went at once—to a very retired summer resort. Every one knows how Lady "Dolly" remained behind long enough to save some valuable White House portraits from having their eyes put out by English bayonets, but few have heard how collected Mrs. Secretary Jones was in this national crisis.

Presence of mind is said to be promoted by absence of body. This lady displayed in the face of danger presence of both mind and body. As the secretary emerged from his doorway, his hands full of such family valuables as his agitated condition had allowed him to collect, Mrs. Jones confronted him with the appalling words:

"My dear, you have forgotten my slippers. You must go back and get them."

General Ross was almost at his door bringing imprisonment or death, but the unhappy man turned back to hunt the slippers, which, it is only fair to Mrs. Jones to add, were adorned with diamond buckles. In his headlong quest for these treasures—which he secured—his wig dropped off in a dark corner, and he did not dare to take time to hunt for it nor to attempt the purchase of another. The shorn appearance of the secretary, hitherto faultless in all appointments of dress, is said to have very much lessened the melancholy of the cabinet journey. It is further asserted that during the time of retirement, no matter how depressed any member of the presidential party felt over public and private woes, if he but glanced at Secretary Jones peal upon peal of irresistible laughter was sure to follow and that the despoiled Adonis cordially joined in these bursts of merriment.—Chicago Tribune.

A Malay Water Slide.

In Perak, a state in the Straits Settlements, the Malays have one form of amusement which is probably not to be enjoyed anywhere else in the wide world.

There is a huge granite slope in the course of a mountain river, down which the water trickles about two inches deep, the main stream having carved out a bed by the side of the bowlder. This rock, the face of which has been rendered as smooth as glass by the constant flow of water during hundreds of years, the Malays—men, women and children—have turned into a toboggan. Climbing to the top of the rock, they sit in the shallow water with their feet straight out and a hand on each side for steering and then slide down the 60 feet into a pool of water.

This is a favorite sport on sunny mornings, as many as 200 folks being engaged at a time and sliding so quickly one after another or forming rows of two, four or even eight persons that they tumble into the pool a confused mass of screaming creatures. There is little danger in the game, and, though some choose to sit on a piece of plantain, most of the tobogganers are content to squat on their haunches.—London Little Folks.

Life In Japan.

"It is a curious, but accepted truth," comments the wife of a naval officer who has resided a number of years in Japan, "that Americans, as a class, do not long stand up against Japan life. There is something in the air, or something lacking in it, which is peculiarly trying to us. So many naval officers serving a three or six years' duty there have come home with an incurable complaint that it is common talk in the service. Two admirals have died of abcess of the liver after several years' residence there, and other officers have had their health seriously impaired under similar conditions. I never was seriously sick in my life till I got out to the island empire, and throughout my whole stay I fought something. The English residents do not seem to suffer as we do, which is also a commented upon fact."—New York Times.

Pianos.

Excellent pianos may be bought in Europe at perhaps two-thirds the cost of a like instrument here, and even individuals can import pianos to advantage in spite of the tariff. But a fact that works pretty effectually to protect the home manufacturer is that either the American climate or the usual steam heat tends to destroy the imported piano, so that even the temptation of saving from $200 to $500 on the first cost does not induce many persons to take the risk of an instrument that cannot stand the climate.—Philadelphia Ledger.

England's Tobacco Law.

An antiquarian says that tobacco cannot be used in England save by a violation of law. In 1660 a law was made prohibiting the growth or importation of tobacco beyond a few hundred pounds of leaves every year, "to be used in medicine." It is said that this statute has never been repealed.

Bettered.

"I would like to improve my opportunities," said the good boy.

"Get the firm to leave more money in the cash drawer," suggested the lad of evil propensities.—Detroit Tribune.

CALIFORNIA IN 3½ DAYS FROM CHICAGO.

Variable Route

Tourist tickets allowing privileges never before accorded, can be obtained with full information, upon application at City Ticket Office,

208 CLARK ST. CHICAGO.

All meals served in Dining Cars.

Palace Drawing-Room Sleeping Cars and Tourist Sleepers are run through to San Francisco without change, leaving Chicago daily via the

North-Western Line.

CHICAGO & NORTH-WESTERN RY.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS

State President, John T. Keating, 567 Jackson av, Hyde Park.

State Vice-President, Ed J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1240 Gaty av, East St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, Lawrence Henely, 3146 Groveland av.

County Vice-President, W. J. Dougherty.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, P. Holden.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch.

Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas Finegan.

The County Board meets the second Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at 83 E. Madison-st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Div. No. 1—M. J. Maloney, Pres, Room 306, 120 Randolph st; T. A Hecket, V-P; Michael Busby, Rec Sec, 1421 Jackson st; Wm Garritt, Fin Sec; J. O'Brien, Treas. Meet in Father Mathew hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts, the 1st Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 2—D T Murphy, Pres, Grand Crossing; M Harmon, V-P; E F Brennan, Rec Sec, Grand Crossing; A Harmon, Fin Sec; P J O Sullivan, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m in Arcade hall, Hegewisch, Ill.

Div. 3—J J Cullinan, Pres, 3034 Sullivan court; James Perkins, V-P; John Lavelle, Rec Sec, 624 Elston av; James Shannon, Fin Sec; M Naughton, Treas. Meet at cor North av and Holt st, 2d Monday and 4th Sunday at 8:30 and 2:30 p m.

Div 4—Michael Blake, Pres, 708 31st st; Peter F Radigan, V P; James McGuire, Rec Sec, 2948 Union av; Daniel Collins, Fin Sec; William McAvoy, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m, cor Canal post av and Union st.

Div 5—P F Golden, Pres, 141 W Harrison st; James J Brennan, V P; Thos E Collins, R S, 343 W Indiana st; Daniel Cullinane, F S; O Connor Lynch, Treas. Meet in Horan's hall, cor Harrison and Halsted sts, 1st Friday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 6—P G Maguire, Pres, 4467 Princeton av; M G Butler, V-P; R B Ryan, Rec Sec, 3023 State st; James F Ryan, Fin Sec; Martin Fanning, Treas. Meet in Foley hall, 174 W Forty-third st, 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m.

Div 7—William Sullivan, Pres, 335 W Van Buren st; Patk Began, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec Sec, 2755 Hickory st; James E O'Brien, Fin Sec; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 445 W Twelfth st, 2nd Sunday of month at 8 p m.

Div 8—P J O'Sullivan, Pres, 117 E Erie st; T F Monahan, V P; Thomas H Donohoe, R S, 117 E Erie st; J P Cunningham, F S; R G McHugh, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Saturdays of each month at 62 N. Clark st, at 8 p m.

Div 9—P Cumming, Pres, 4125 State st; P Ryan, V-P; James Brandigan, R S, 5020 Dryer st; Thos Gallager, F S; Wm Webb, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Webb's hall, 4130 Wentworth av.

Div 11—Hugh J Bradshaw, Pres, 217 Erwin st; Peter Shine, V P; John F Walsh, Rec Sec, 495 W Erie st; Daniel Kloss, Fin Sec; M J Counerty, Treas. Meet in Ammon hall, cor Grand av and Paulina st, 2d and 4th Thursday, 8 p m.

Div 12—D Moriarity, Pres, 4567 Wentworth-av; Wm Kennedy, V P; Wm Carney, Rec Sec, 4226 Wentworth-av; Jas O'Brien, Fin Sec; Patrick Norris, Treas.

Div 13—J E Long, Pres, 2991 Archer av; T J Maney, V P; M Jordan, Rec Sec, 2901 Archer av; D J Sullivan, Fin Sec; S J Maloney, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday, in K of P hall, 3001 Archer av, at 8 p m.

Div 14—Henry T Boyle, Pres, 2958 State st; Ed Hanley, V-P; Th mas L O'Connor, Rec Sec, 2940 30th st; Patrick Lange, Fin Sec; Thomas H Ward, Treas. Meet in Prosperity Hall, 18th and State sts, 1st and 3d Wednesday of each month at 8 p m.

Div 15—P J Shine, Pres, 943 Fifty-fifth st; Martin Mulhall, V P; Terrence Dunn, Rec Sec, 5539 Bristol st; Hugh McDermott, Fin Sec; Michael Duffy, Treas. Meet N E cor 51st and Peoria sts, 1st Thursday each month.

Div 16—Thomas McMahon, Pres, 3818 Justine st; John Larner, V-P; Peter Meegan, Rec Sec, 4644 Lanin st; Patrick Fitzpatrick, Fin Sec; John McGinty, Treas. Meets 4th Sunday each month at 2 p m in Burk's hall, 3252 Ashland av.

Div 17—P J O Brien, Pres, 10 Earl st; D C Kelleher, V-P; John P Casey, R S, 51 Lake st; B Burke, F S; Martin Mulcahy, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month in Leddy's hall, Thirty-first and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 18—Martin Loftus, Pres, 2240 W Kinzie st; James Collins, V-P; Timothy Collins, Rec Sec, 2489 W Fulton st; Wm O Mara, Fin Sec; James Dougherty, Treas. Meet in Schoenhoffen's hall, cor W Lake and 43d st, last Friday each month at 8 p m.

Div 19—James Thomas, Pres, 4325 Dyer st; Daniel Daly, V P; Jer'h Herbert, Rec Sec, 820 Thirty-seventh st; J O'Hern, Fin Sec; Michael M'Carthy, Treas. Meet 1st Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S Halsted st, at 8 p m.

Div 20—Joseph J Lamb, Pres, 2801 Emerald av; W H Kenny, V-P; R J. Taylor, Rec Sec, Alhambra Building; M H Curry, Fin Sec; M O'Grady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays each month in Schaefer's hall, 25th place and Canal st.

Div 23—W J Doherty, Pres, 1353 47th st; John McGaughan, V P; John Toner, Rec Sec, 4316 Dryer st; James McCann, Fin Sec; Patk Grace, Treas. Meet 1st Sunday each month at 3 p m, at 47th st and Ashland av.

Div 26—Felix Hughes, Pres, 4556 Wentworth av; Thos Kilougby, V P; Hugh McNally, Rec Sec, 345 Bristol st; James A Walsh, Fin Sec; Lawrence Reynolds, Treas. Meet 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, 31st st and Wentworth av, at 8 p m.

Div 29—P J O'Reilly, Pres, P O Box 358, Pullman; P J Tully, V P; William Byrne, Rec Sec, P O Box 1329, Pullman; P Keyes, Fin Sec; Chas Corkery, Treas. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday each month in Holy Rosary church, Pullman, 8 p m.

Div. 30—Thomas Heelan, Pres, 10810 Calhoun av; P C Hartnett, V P; Jeremiah O'Keeffe, Rec Sec, 10810 Hoxie av; Ed McGill, Fin Sec; Wm Nolan, Treas. Meet in Fink's hall, Cummings, Ill. 3d Sunday of each month at 2 p m.

Div 35—Patrick F Holden, Pres, 839 Thirty-seventh st; M O Brien, V P; Jas Gannon, Rec Sec, 3656 Emerald av; P O Gorman, F S; Michael Kavanaugh, Treas. Meet 1st Wednesday of each month 8 p m, in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts.

Div 36—John T Keating, Pres, 5627 Jackson av; J H Ryan, v-p; Wm McMahon, Rec Sec, 548 Lake av; Bartley Owens, Fin Sec; Andrew Ludwich, Treas. Meet at 5339 Jefferson av, Hyde Park, 2d and 4th Friday each month.

Div 37—John P Douhey, Pres, 6359 Honore st; T Kelly, V P; Michael McDermott, Rec Sec, 6136 Wallace-st; M H Hoey, Fin Sec; C McInerney, Treas. Meet 2d Sunday each month at 3 p m, in St Bernard's hall, 66th st.

KNIGHTS OF ST. PATRICK.

Pres't, J H Carmody, 20 Vernon Park place; V-P, D J Solon; Rec Sec, J P Harding, 3655 Morgan st; Fin Sec, M J Ryan; Treas, P O'Beirne. Knight Commander, John Dadie; V-K Comdr, T J Ryan; Sergt-at-Arms, P Morris. Meet 3rd Thursday of each month, 8 p m, in Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Organized Feb. 6, 1865. P J Kennedy, President, 347 Loomis-st; Michael Kenny, 1st V-P; William S Dillon, 2d V-P; T J Barry, Secretary, 22 Plum-st; Ed Dunphey, Asst Secretary; John Shannon, Treasurer. Meet in hall, 388 W Taylor-st, the 1st and 3d Mondays of each month at 8 p m.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Edward Hayes, Pres., 434 W. Ohio-st.; James M. Gubbins, 1st V.-P.; D. McGinnis, 2nd V.-P.; P. Kavanaugh, Rec. Sec., 600 W. Huron-st.; P. J Sheehy, Fin Sec; M. Gethins, Asst Fin Sec; P. H. Shell, Treas; M. McLaughlin, Sergt-at-Arms; Thomas Bidwell, Marshal. Board of Directors, Thomas Croak, Thomas Rae, T. T. Hartigan, N. McCue. Meets 1st Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in school hall, Rumsey and W. Indiana-sts.

CATHOLIC ORDER OF FORESTERS.

HIGH COURT OFFICERS.

John C. Schubert, H C R, Room 22, 69 Dearborn st; C. Ritchot, H V C R, Montreal, Can; Thomas H. Cannon, H S, Room 22, 69 Dearborn-st; Henry Detmer, H T, 109 East Randolph-st; Dr. T. . O'Malley, H M E, 169 Blue Island-av.

SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family No. 1—Michael Heaney, C R, 8 Elburn av; W J Wallace, Rec Sec, 120 W Taylor st; George R Bracken, Fin Sec; Jas Kennedy, Treas; Dr Geo C Spnon, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Sodality Hall, May and 11th sts.

Columbia No 2—Thomas Croak, C R, 92 Walnut st; Martin Dowling, Rec Sec, 152 N May st; J E Kelley, Fin Sec; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 1st Wednesday at 8 p m, and 3d Sunday at 3 p m, in Anchor Hall, 52½ W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart No 3—Hugh P Moran, C R, 263 Thirtieth st; John Fitzgerald, Rec Sec, 237 West Eighteenth-st; Michael J. McGarry, Fin Sec; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr William King, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Thursdays at Canalport av and Union st.

St Pius No 4—F T Nichol, C R, 343 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, Rec Sec, 739 Hiaman st; F M Quinn, Fin Sec; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays at 8 p m at Nineteenth st and Ashland av.

Jacques Cartier No 5—Michael Cyr, C R, 66 Winthrop place; John W Twohey, Rec Sec, 248 Laflin st; Louis Jordain, Fin Sec; Ed L Caron, Treas; Dr P Lesage, Med Ex. Meet 2d and 4th Sundays at 188 Blue Island av.

St John's No 6—Stephen Dake, C R, 1235 Dearborn st; James Donohue, Rec Sec, 4032 Dearborn st; Dennis McGrath, Fin Sec; Martin D Kearney, Treas; Dr Dan'l H. Sullivan, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Monday at 8 p m in Prosperity Hall, Eighteenth and State sts.

St James No 7—D B Quinlan, C R, 3119 State st; H S Hewson, Rec Rec, 85 Fifth av; W J Eder, Fin Sec; P M Clowry, Treas; Dr P S McDonald, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Fridays in Arlington Hall, Indiana av and Thirty-first st.

St Joseph No 8—George H McMunn, C R, 339 S Centre av; William A Hoyne, Rec Sec, 27 Arthington place; John J Law er, Fin Sec; James J Prindiville, Treas; Dr John J Leahy, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday at 2:30 p m and 4th Wednesday at 2:30 p m in Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh sts.

St Mary's No 10—Patrick Flanagan, C R, 3350 Yorktown st W G Brennan, Rec Sec, 1821 Indiana av James Drury, Fin Sec Wm White, Treas Dr J P Smyth, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at St Mary's church.

Nativity No 11—Matthew Lamb, C R, 3305 Auburn av Michael Ryan, 2958 Lowe av; Charles P Holbrook, Fin Sec, Wm L O'Brien, Treas Dr John R McNamara, Med Ex. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Tuesday in Quealy's Hall, 3749 S Halsted st.

St Patrick's No 12—John Davy, C R, 150 S Peoria st Thomas J Garrity, Rec Sec, 454 Winchester a Frank P O'Donnell, Fin Sec; John J Leary, Treas Dr C Hogan, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3d Wednesdays in Fitzgerald's Hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette No 13—John C Curtin, C R, 464 Austin av J J Gallagher, Rec Sec, 353 W Huron st J M O'Halloran, Fin Sec L Foley, Treas Dr P H Conley, Med Ex. Meet 2nd Sunday and last Friday at 528 W Indiana st.

Holy Name No 14—Hugh Manley, C R, Austin F Minogue, Rec Sec, 211 Townsend st John F Owens, Fin Sec Maurice C Cooney, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays in School hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

St Thomas No 15—Thomas Mulvihill, C R, 328 Fifty-fourth st John Mott, Rec Sec, 5743 Kimbark av M D Mooney, Fin Sec; Dennis Gleeson, Treas Dr J A Hemstager, Med Ex. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m at 5475 Woodlawn av.

St. Gabriel No 16—Lawrence Phee, C R, 1045 W 57th st; R S, J V Cook, 743 W 43d st; F S, John Hale; Treas. William Tracy. Meet in Allen's hall, 700 W 43d st.

St Ignatius No 18—C R, J D Tighe, 433 S Morgan st; R S, J J Owens; F S, C J Reilly; Treas, T J Lee. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays at 446 W Twelfth st.

Western Reserve No 19—C R, Luke Cassidy, 881 W Lake st; R S, H T Kelly, 25 Owasco st; F S, Michael Muldoon; Treas, John Byrne. Meet 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday at 1066 Lake st.

St. Nicholas No 20—C R, John Schaeter, 2501 S Canal st; R S, Joseph Umhofer, 559 27th st; F S, H J Jansen; Treas, Math W Folz. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesday in basement of St Antonius church, Canal st and 24th place.

St Patrick's No 21—C R, Andrew McCarthy, Escanaba av and 90th st; R S, Wm P Doran, 9233 Superior av; F S, James Lynch; Treas, James W Riley. Meet 1st Saturday and 3rd Tuesday in Centennial hall, South Chicago.

St Elizabeth's No. 22—C R, Bernard Burns, 4720 Wentworth av; R S, C A Riedy, 4059 Dearborn st; F S, Hugh O'Hare; Treas, Thos M Curtin. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in Draper's hall, 40th and State sts.

St Sylvester's No 23—C R, Ed N Ashenden, 91 S Water st; R S, Edw W Nye, 27 Mozart st; F S, Wm E Flynn; Treas, Jos E Walsh. Meet 2d and 4th Sunday, at North and Western avs.

St Benedict No 24—C R, Anton Graf, 400 Division st; R S, Wm Klein, 82 Mohawk st; F S, Jos H Hahn; Treas, Andrew L Williams. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesday in St Joseph's hall, corner Hill and Franklin sts.

Notre Dame No 25—C R, Pierre Plante, 247 Laflin st; R S, W C Dore, 46 Hastings st; F S, Honore Lacasse; Treas, E E Foley. Meet 1st and 3d Sunday at 188 Blue Island av.

St Aloysius No 26—C R, John Koelzer, 103 23rd place; R S, Joseph Seitz, 164 E 18th st; F S, John W Metz; Treas, Val Schmitt-schmitt. Meet in chapel of St Peter's church, Clark and Polk sts.

St Aloysius No 27—C R, James Murphy, 38 W 13th st; R S Julius Esler, 531 W 15th st; F S, J J Smith; Treas, Wm Ebner. Meet 2nd and 4th Sundays at 2:30 p m, in Father Matthew's Temperance hall, corner Taylor and Miller sts.

Annunciation No 28—C R, John C Cremin, 772 N Lincoln st; R S, John J Deneen, 411 Glenwood av; F S, Henry H Canevin; Treas, James Burke. Meet 1st and 3d Fridays in Flynn's hall, corner North av and Robey st.

St Ambrose No 29—C R, Nicolaus Hippchen, 132 Ambrose st; R S, Aug Aniebracht, 1037 S Leavitt st; F S, J F Maibach; Treas, M Lilling. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays at 165 Ambrose st.

Immaculate Conception No 30—C R, Jas McCarthy, 336 Cleveland av; R S, P J McDonnell, 31 Goethe st; F S, Jos Holden; Treas, Michael Reed. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays at 8 p m, in Phoenix hall.

St Vincent De Paul No 31—C R, J F Lusk, 1127 Noble av; R S, C W Dorband, 978 Seminary av; F S, James Conway; Treas, P McGuire. Meet 1st Sunday, school hall, Webster and Osgood.

St Stephen's No 32—C R, T J McDonough, 78 Austin av; R S, J E Stephan, 219 Cleveland av; F S, P J Schwab; Treas, Dennis Mitchell. Meet 2d and 4th Mondays at 192 W Chicago av.

St Michael's No 33—C R, John J Blindauier, 489 Larrabee st; R S, Peter E Neuses, 76 Hudson av; F S, John Adler; Treas, Henry Schomer. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St Michael's hall, North and Hudson ave.

St Martin's No 34—C R, Nick Diener, 575 Wells st; R S, A C Lipke, 123 Hudson av; F S, Fred Krings; Treas, J G Cremer. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday in Brand's hall, Clybourne ave and Halsted st.

Cathedral No 35—C R, F T Scanlan, 229 LaSalle av; R S, P J Flannery, 225 N Market st; F S, M Conroy; T, J M Klenke. Meet 2d and 4th Monday, corner Chicago av and Cass st, at 8 p m.

St Agnes No 37—C R, Michael E Dalton, 3805 Kedzie av; R S, Daniel Kane, 3728 Blanchard av; F S, John Flynn; T, Thomas Clarisey. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs.

Blessed Virgin No 38—C R, Peter Doyle, 71 Cicero court; R S, James D Kendrick, 182 S Albany av; F S, Joseph Bieber; T, Michael Hart. Meet 1st Sunday at 2:30 and 3d Thursday at 7:30 in Ruhl's hall, California av and Harvard st.

St Ann's No 39—C R, Thomas A Kenny, 3812 Wentworth av; R S, Wm Cole, 3723 Armour av; F S, Martin J Burk; T, F C Kirwin. Meet 3rd Friday at 3800 Wentworth av.

St Alphonsus No 40—C R, Henry Becking, 1004 Belmont av; R S, Geo F Trossen, 1030 Wolfram st; F S, John W Schmitt; T, L H Schagemann. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesdays in St Alphonsus hall, corner Southport and Oakdale avs.

Laval No 41—C R, Adolph Fournier, 3060 Joseph st; R S, T T Praite, 2833 Archer av; F S, F DeGuise; T, Joseph Bouffard. Meet in Larney's hall, Western and Archer avs.

St Bridget's No 42—C R, John E Long, 2991 Archer av; R S, Thos Duffy, 3640 Ashland av; F S, Thos J Lyons; T, Lawrence Dorsey. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at 3112 Archer av.

St Boniface No 43—C R, Peter Schoumer, jr, 102 Cornell st; R S, John Schoumer, 209 W Chicago av; F S, Joseph Helmuth; T, P Mueller. Meets in [illegible] W. Chicago av.

McMullen No 46—C R, Thomas H Cannon, 421 Oak st; R S, A P Dease, 352 E Division st; F S, M J Lynn; T, John F Coleman. Meet 1st and 3d Mondays in school hall, Cass st and Chicago av.

REVISED WATCH OFFER.

WALTHAMS AND ELGINS ONLY.

FOR SALE BY THE CITIZEN.

FINE WATCHES AT REDUCED PRICES.

THE CITIZEN, ever ready to act in the interest of subscribers, has made a thorough revision of its popular watch offers, and now makes a complete offer of Waltham and Elgin watches that will certainly be appreciated by all who wish to buy accurate time-pieces at the very lowest rates. Every watch offered is a genuine Waltham or Elgin, in such a case as the subscriber may select. THE CITIZEN buys only for subscribers who may order. It sends nothing C. O. D., and does not care to sell anything except to subscribers who appreciate the favor. All watches will be delivered in perfect order. If they are damaged in the mails or found to be otherwise than as guaranteed, they must be returned within three days, and the purchaser's money will be refunded in full. These watches are guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham and Elgin factories. Every watch is of the latest and best design, and contains stem-wind and set, and all the greatest improvements. Subscribers should order at once, because these offers may not continue long.

WALTHAM REPEATER.
MEN'S SIZE, HUNTING-CASE.
$80, REDUCED TO $65.

We will sell what remain of the Waltham repeaters for $65 each, and this includes free delivery anywhere in the United States. This is to close out the few that remain. The regular price is $100. A Waltham repeater is a curiosity as well as a correct timepiece, because it strikes the exact time within five minutes whenever a spring is touched. The hunting-case is 14k. gold filled, guaranteed to wear 20 years.

SOLID 14K. GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $32.80.
OFFER NO. 26.

No. 26 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-wind and set, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour), plain regulator, and all improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid 14k. gold. U. S. assay. It weighs 2 oz., and is a beauty. We save subscribers many dollars, and sell this elegant watch, delivered free, for.....$32.80

GOLD WATCH, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.60.
OFFER NO. 22.

No. 22 is an elegant Waltham or Elgin watch. The works contain all the improvements mentioned in No. 26. The case is made by rolling together a sheet of solid gold and another of fine composition metal. The case thus made will wear for years. It looks just like a $100 solid gold watch, and it will bring a handsome sum in cash or exchange. Price, delivered.....$9.60

HUNTING CASE GOLD WATCH.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $10.80.
OFFER NO. 23.

No. 23 has works like No. 26, and a handsome case made of gold reinforced with composition metel, just like that in No. 22. Price delivered.....$10.80

NICKEL-SILVER WATCH.
WALTHAM OR ELGIN, OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $5.50.
OFFER NO. 29.

No. 29 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch. It has jeweled works, exactly like those mentioned in No. 26, but open face. This watch is a magnificent timekeeper, and the case, while solid and durable, is very handsome. It is composed throughout of solid nickel-silver, not nickel-plate, and it is men's full size. This elegant watch is good for a lifetime of rough wear. It is specially adapted to the use of farmers, planters and all other men of affairs who give a watch hard usage. In looks and timekeeping qualities it is unsurpassed by any watch in this list. We will send this timepiece to any subscriber, safe delivery guaranteed, for.....$5.50

DIAMOND SPECIAL NO. 2.
GOLD WATCH, JEWELED GOLD HANDS.
HUNTING CASE, ELGIN ONLY.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $15.50.
OFFER NO. 27.

No. 27 is a magnificent Elgin hunting-case watch. It has the very greatest improvements, including the world-renowned cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, full plate, etc. The jewels are real precious stones. It has a genuine porcelain dial with either Roman or Arabic figures, and gold hands set with sparkling gems. These hands are made in Europe, by processes yet unattainable in this country. The gems have all the appearance and sparkle of real, genuine diamonds, and in the trade are often sold as diamonds. They are extremely handsome, and give to the watch the appearance of a $100 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14-karat gold in two plates, stiffened between with a sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 10 years. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. We will sell them for $15.50 each as long as they last, which includes free delivery anywhere in the United States.

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
HUNTING CASE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18.

No. 18 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case. The works are full-size and they are beautifully jeweled. The case is hunting only. Sent to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for.....$9.75

SOLID SILVER WATCH.
OPEN FACE.
MEN'S SIZE, PRICE $9.75.
OFFER NO. 18½.

No. 18½ is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch in a solid coin-silver case, open face. The works are made according to the latest design. This is an open-face watch, and it will prove satisfactory in every instance. Price to subscribers, including free delivery, only.....$9.75

NO. 9.—"P. S. BARTLETT" WALTHAM. FULL JEWELED, MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 15 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings. Breguet hair spring hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. This is probably the most famous watch in the world. THE CITIZEN will send it to any subscriber, old or new. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Solid 14k. Gold 2 oz. hunting case..$38.00
Gold-filled 15-year hunting case (engraved).....$18.50
Gold-filled 15-year case, open face (engraved).....$17.50
In solid coin silver case, open face or hunting.....$13.50
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face.....$10.00

"THE LIMITED."
14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH. MEN'S SIZE HUNTING CASE—NO. 2487. PRICE $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. Also remember that only Waltham and Elgin watches are offered. A gentleman who carries one of these watches asked a friend to guess the price. The friend guessed $100. Every purchaser has three days in which he may submit his watch to experts, and the money will be refunded in full if the watch is not found as guaranteed.

No. 2487 is our greatest bargain for men in many ways, and as we may discontinue it soon, subscribers should order at once. This elegant watch has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensation expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the greatest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We have made an immense purchase, and for a short time we will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

"THE LIMITED."
LADIES' SIZE HUNTING CASE 14K. GOLD-FILLED WATCH—NO. 2488, PRICE $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. This is a most attractive watch,

AN IRISH NIGHT.

Literary and Lyrical Lecture,

"THE STORY AND SONGS OF IRELAND,"

BY

JOHN F. FINERTY

AND

M. J. MURPHY,

AT

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,

ON

MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 29, 1895.

The Lecture will be divided into Five periods of Irish History, each illustrated by an appropriate melody. It has been received with great favor in all the principal cities of America, and has been highly eulogized by the American press.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Reserved Seats, . 50 & 75 Cents
Boxes . . . $6, $4 and $3

According to Location.

J. M. CRENNAN & CO.,

Wholesale Cigars.

Sole Proprietors of

LA CARINA,

Sheridan Club and Columbus Club Cigars.

122 & 124 WABASH AVENUE,

CHICAGO.

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC
IN 5 DAYS 7 HOURS 23 MINUTES
FASTEST TIME ON RECORD, BY THE OLD RELIABLE

CUNARD LINE

The New Twin-Screw Steamships,

"LUCANIA" "CAMPANIA"
620 ft. Long, 12,950 Tons, 30,000 H.-P.
Positively the Largest, Fastest and Most Magnificent in the World.

"Umbria" "Etruria" "Aurania" "Servia"
520 ft. Long, 8500 Tons, 14,500 Horse-power,
and other Floating Palaces, comprising an Incomparable Fleet of Four-Express Passenger Steamers.

TWO AND THREE SAILINGS A WEEK.
ALL SAILINGS AT QUEENSTOWN.

SEND FOR YOUR FRIENDS
by this line, which has been running Over 54 Years and has Never Lost a Passenger.
Unequalled Second-Cabin and Steerage accommodations on all Steamers at moderate rates.

FREE USE of BEDDING and UTENSILS for all Steerage passengers.

F. G. WHITING, Mgr. West. Dept. 131 Randolph St. Chicago.
Agents wanted for British and Irish business.

KEELEY

Brewing Co.

MALTSTERS

AND

Lager Beer Brewers,

TWENTY EIGHTH ST. & COTTAGE GROVE AV.

CHICAGO ILL.

John O'Brien Lumber Co.

LUMBER, LATH, SHINGLES and MOULDINGS. Send for Delivered Price Lists. Correspondence Invited.

TWENTY-SECOND AND THROOP STS. TELEPHONE CANAL 65.

Take Blue Island or Centre-av. cars.

COOKE BREWING CO.,

27th St. and Cottage Grove Av.

CHICAGO, U. S. A.

BREWERS AND BOTTLERS OF "COOKE'S IMPERIAL BEER."

This Beer was awarded the GOLD MEDAL, together with seven of the HIGHEST AWARDS, which the Cooke Brg. Co. received at World's Columbian Exposition, held at Chicago, Illinois, A. D. 1893. The Medals and Awards were received on the strength of the Chemical Analysis made by the U. S. Government Chemist, which is a guarantee to the public of its purity and healthful qualities.

Business Directory.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
150 to 166 West Madison Street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6. per cord delivered
Office and Yard
303 West Taylor street, between Halsted-st and Blue Island avenue.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors,
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

M. V. GANNON. M. J. AGNEW. C. L. AMBERG.

GANNON, AGNEW & AMBERG,

Attorneys and Counsellors at Law.

SUITE 1411 ASHLAND BLOCK,

COR. CLARK & RANDOLPH STS.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FRANCIS J. NORTON,

ARCHITECT.

Masonic Temple.

Suites 1410-28. Chicago, Ill.

JAMES MAHER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law.

79 Clark Street,

ROOM 14. CHICAGO.

JAMES BURNS

ARCHITECT AND SUPERINTENDENT.

Estimates for Cost of Construction Furnished Free of Charge.

183--189 Dearborn St., Rooms 601 and 602,

Adams Express Building, Chicago.

JOHN NAGHTEN. M. J. NAGHTEN

John Naghten & Co,

INSURANCE.

A Specialty made of Insuring Churches, Church Property, Academies, School Houses and Dwellings, at Reasonable Rates.

181 LaSalle-st, Chicago

Telephone 533.

JAMES O'CONNELL, ATTORNEY.

ESTATE OF MURTY SULLIVAN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Murty Sullivan, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the city of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 25, 1895.

JOHN J. SULLIVAN,
Administrator.

James O'Connell Attorney for Administrator.

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

ESTATE OF MARGARET KEHOE, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the Estate of Margaret Kehoe, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of May, A. D. 1895, being the 20th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, March 9, 1895.

MARGARET KEHOE,
AGNES E. KEHOE,
Administratrix with the will annexed.

Sullivan & Healy Attorneys.

SHOURDS & KASPER,

STATE & RANDOLPH-STS.

Dealers in Diamonds,

AMERICAN WATCHES

AND STERLING SILVER SPOONS.

Established 1860. Open Evening.

DELANEY & MURPHY,

WHOLESALE

LIQUOR DEALERS.

10 & 12 Wabash Av,

CHICAGO

Kentucky Whisky Sold in Bond. Spanish and American Altar Wines a Specialty.

No Cure. No Pay!

DR. KEAN

THE EMINENT SPECIAL PHYSICIAN.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

157 South Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

MONON CHICAGO & CINCINNATI LINE C H&D

BEST LINE

—TO—

Indianapolis,
Cincinnati,
AND THE South.

CITY TICKET OFFICE,

232 Clark St., - Chicago.

THE MONON.. BEST ROUTE BETWEEN Chicago, Indianapolis, Cincinnati, Louisville AND THE SOUTH.

Only line to FRENCH LICK and WEST BADEN SPRINGS... 'The Carlsbad' of America. Hotels open the year round.

City Ticket Office, 232 Clark St., Chicago.

W. H. McDOEL, Vice-Pres. and General Manager.
FRANK J. REED, General Pass. Agent.

CLEAR COAL & MINING CO.

We Sell a Fine Grade of Soft Coal at Rock Bottom Prices.

Clear Indiana Block.....$3.00 per ton
Clear Lump.....$2.50 per ton
Clear Nut.....$2.25 per ton

Also Hard Coal at low prices.

Room 66, 159 LaSalle St. PHONE 3262.

M. E. CLEAR, President.

McAVOY

BREWING COMPANY

2349 South Park Avenue.

PURE LAGER BEER. FINE BOTTLED EXPORT.

AUSTIN J. DOYLE, President.
ADAM ORTSEIFEN, Vice-President.
H. T. BELLAMY, Secretary and Treasurer.

Telephone South 257.

P. H. Heffron.

RICHELIEU WINE CO.
(INCORPORATED)

WHISKIES
IN BOND OR TAX PAID

IMPORTED WINES & LIQUORS

24 VAN BUREN ST. *Chicago, Ill.*

WHEN GOING TO EUROPE,
Or Sending for Your Friends,
BE SURE TO SECURE PASSAGE BY ONE OF THE
MAGNIFICENT MAIL STEAMERS
OF THE FAMOUS

White Star Line

The most Successful and Popular of all Ocean Lines.

The Steamers of this Line are all built in Ireland.

MAJESTIC, 582 Feet 10,000 Tons. 5 days, 15 hours, 8 min.
TEUTONIC, 10,000 Tons. 582 Feet. 5 days, 16 hours, 31 min.
BRITANNIC, 7 days, 6 hours, 52 min.
GERMANIC, 7 days, 7 hours, 37 min.
ADRIATIC.

SAILING EVERY WEDNESDAY FROM
NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL,
CALLING AT QUEENSTOWN TO LAND AND EMBARK PASSENGERS AND MAILS.

Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, Scandinavian and Finnish ports.

Passengers are also booked to principal points in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand.

The Company's Drafts, payable on demand everywhere in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales, and other European countries, for sale at lowest rates.

For rates of passage and further information apply to the White Star Line agent at your place, or to the Company's offices.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY, G'l Ag't, 29 Broadway, N. Y.
N. ANDERSON, G'l Pass'r Ag't.
64 SOUTH CLARK STREET CHICAGO
UNDER GUNTHER HOUSE.

TELEPHONE MAIN 4383.

PABST

BREWING COMPANY'S

BOTTLED BEER.

Put up in Quart and Pint Bottles for Family Use.

CHICAGO MAIN OFFICE.

CORNER INDIANA and DESPLAINES STREETS

HERMAN PABST, Manager.

Sold Everywhere. Try It.

AGENTS Wanted. Largest Salary Paid. At home or to travel. Team furnished free. P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Me.

AMERICAN LINE

UNITED STATES MAIL STEAMERS.

THE ONLY TRANSATLANTIC LINE CARRYING THE AMERICAN FLAG.

New York — Southampton — London
EVERY WEDNESDAY.
The shortest and most convenient route to London.
No transfer by tender—No tidal delays.
Passengers land at Empress Dock, avoiding inconvenience and exposure of transfer by tender.

Philadelphia — Queenstown — Liverpool
EVERY SATURDAY.
Tickets to and from the principal English, Scotch, Irish, German and Scandinavian Ports.
Local Agents in all the principal towns in the United States.
Drafts on Great Britain and Ireland for sale.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY,
32 CLARK STREET, CHICAGO.
FRANCIS C. BROWN, West. Gen. Pass. Ag't.

CONRAD SEIPP

Brewing Company,

FOOT OF 27th STREET,

CHICAGO, ILL.

Telephone 8350.

BREWERS and BOTTLERS of the CELEBRATED SALVATOR BEER.

PILSENER BEER.

JOSEPH SCHLITZ

Brewing Company,

MILWAUKEE.

Represented by

Edward G. Uihlein,

Corner Erie and Union Sts. Chicago.